THE FORUM

SEPTEMBER, 1923

Vol. LXX No. 2

SELECTIVE IMMIGRATION

By JAMES JOHN DAVIS

ALIENS desiring to enter the United States should pass strict physical, mental, and moral tests before setting sail, says the Secretary of Labor, who also believes that every immigrant should be enrolled upon arrival in this country, and subsequently deported if he fails to show signs of qualifying as a good American citizen.

FEW of us stop to consider that the United States during the past hundred and thirty years has been the goal of the greatest movement of people that the world has ever known. Of all the great migrations of history none has ever approached in volume the vast flood that has come to America since our forefathers founded here a nation based on human rights. More foreigners have passed through Ellis Island within a few months than there were in the hosts of the Huns and Vandals who destroyed the boasted civilization of the Roman Empire. The historians and scientists tell me that all the great civilizations of the past have fallen, not through hostile invasion, but through the peaceful penetration of alien peoples, usually entering their gates as workers or slaves.

The flood of immigration which has unceasingly rolled to this rich new land since 1790 has brought here a total of some thirty million of the older peoples of the world. One-third of the migration has come to us since 1890. The character of this

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continuous flood of aliens has totally changed in the past two or three decades. Before 1890 the foreigners who came to us from Europe came from the Northern nations; from the British Isles, the Scandinavian countries, Holland, and Germany. They were largely homologus with the original founders of the United States. The tide from Northern Europe has halted and the bulk of the arrivals are from those nations of Southeastern Europe and the Mediterranean shores which, with few exceptions, have for centuries been the scene of much of the world's discord and strife and bloodshed. Some come from lands where oppression has bred disrespect for all government and disregard for all law. They come, not to face the dangers of a new and untried country, but to gain the ease and plenty offered by the greatest nation of modern times.

The aliens coming to us today raise many problems. Some of of them come from the war-torn, or revolutionary countries of Europe, imbued with wild theories of political cure-alls, ready to preach the downfall of American principles and the destruction of all governmental institutions. Others, through tainted blood, weak mentality, or physical fault, threaten the whole physical, mental, and moral level of the American people.

There are many schools of thought on this subject. I am no pessimist with regard to the future of the United States. I have confidence in the genius of the American people to meet this problem as they have met other problems of the past. One group in America today proposes to let down all bars against foreigners coming here. This group clamors emptily about America as a refuge for all the world's oppressed. In the cant of the enthusiast they picture this country as a sort of world hospital or ambulance. This group has as many sub-divisions as there are alien races represented in the United States.

There is another group of men who have devoted much thought and study to the subject, who take the position that the immigrant is an unnecessary evil, and this group would bar all aliens except such elements as will strengthen the native human stock already here. These students hold that the laws of

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population and of natural fecundity operate to prevent an actual increase in our population through immigration. They say that population will increase just as rapidly if we bar out immigrants and allow the birthrate to provide our additional men and women.

Many of our public men support the form of restriction imposed under the present law which admits to the United States annually only as many representatives of foreign nationality as equal three per cent of the number of that nationality that was in the United States in 1910. This plan operated in the last fiscal year to restrict those coming from Southern and Eastern Europe, who had completely filled their allotted quotas. Northern and Western Europe,—source of the so-called Nordic immigration,—in that year failed to fill their quotas, some of those countries sending here less than fifty per cent of their allotments. This year, it seems that the quota law is having the effect of increasing the percentage of aliens from Northern and Western Europe in our total immigration. Many of those countries will this year fill their quotas.

Now, there are also some among us who would absolutely bar all foreigners from the United States on economic grounds. They hold that an influx of foreigners which would give to us a constantly increasing supply of labor would tend to encourage industrial inflation, and, therefore, they would restrict production by restricting any foreign labor supply. For some reason there seem to be widely-differing viewpoints between the employers who manage our industry and the men whose labor makes our industrial system possible. To me this seems to be an utterly fallacious line of division, for I am daily more convinced that the cause of labor in America is the cause of industry in America, and that the cause of industry is the cause of labor. They must stand or fall together. If industry fail, labor must fail. If the employer succeed, the worker must succeed. If one die, both must die.

But I look at our immigration problem not from the standpoint of American labor alone, nor of the American employer

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alone, but from the standpoint of all America. This problem must be met by deciding what is best for us all,—what is best for our Republic today and in the future. I am firm in the conviction that what is best for America as a whole is best for American labor and American industry.

There is agitation in some parts of the country to demonstrate that we need immigrants because we are short of labor. I know that we are prosperous in America, that industry is busy, and that the American workingman is working for good wages. I remember what conditions were two years ago. At that time more than five million American workmen were walking the streets looking for jobs. Wages were being cut generally. Factories and mills were crowded with products for which no market could be found. With demand practically at a standstill, industry faced a period of depression, strikes, and turmoil. Economists predicted industrial panic. Was it not wise with five million of our workers idle, to impose restrictions which halted the entrance of workers to join the ranks of idleness? Was it not wise to protect, not only the native-born American workman, but also the immigrant already here, from the disastrous effect of adding further to the army of unemployed?

We have weathered that storm and now travel on the turning tide. Today employment is normal; wages are on the up-grade. During the last few months practically all the forty-three basic industries covered by the Bureau of Labor Statistics have reported wage increases. In the last year the amount of payrolls in industrial plants in the basic industries have increased twenty-five per cent. Production in those industries in January of this year was greater than in any other month in our industrial history, except May, 1917. Under these conditions it is natural that labor should be in demand, and that some employers should seek it through immigration. There are some who seem to believe that there is always waiting at our gates just the sort of labor that we need, in the numbers we need.

Certainly in the last fiscal year the immigration we received did not bring us labor. That year we admitted 432,505 aliens,

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of whom 310 were not quota immigrants; the others being of exempt classes and aliens from foreign contiguous territory. That year 345,384 left the United States. Thus there remained as the net gain of aliens under the quota law 87,121. Of those classified as "laboring classes" we admitted 96,410 and, as the number of this class that left the country was 113,234, the actual loss was 16,824 for the year. In other words,—despite a net gain of nearly ninety thousand aliens during the year,—we had fewer alien workers at the end of the year than when the year began. How many millions of foreigners must we admit to gain one hundred thousand workers? The problem is too complicated, and the experiment entails too much danger to American life and institutions. Most of those who departed had arrived and worked during prosperous times, leaving during the depression and taking their savings with them. If they had remained and kept their earnings here the country would have profited.

We cannot insure prosperity by importing workers to take developed places in industry for a few months and then throwing them out into the ranks of the unemployed when the boom subsides, for the unemployed are always a burden upon business and industry. The country must be taxed to keep them alive. I know this well for I remember the conditions in Pittsburg during the panic of 1893, when tampering with the tariff and other economic errors had brought America down into the depths of industrial depression. Everywhere the mills were idle and men walked the streets looking for work. Public enterprise and public subscription provided work of a sort for some of those men at wages which amounted to one dollar a day and a few bread and soup tickets. The answer to these things, I believe, is not an ever increasing labor supply, but a stabilized industry and a stabilized supply of workers.

A report to the President's Conference on Unemployment showed that the average American workman is losing thirty days every year through unemployment. In terms of continous employment this means that 1,500,000 workers are idle every day in this country under normal economic conditions. Would

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it not be wise for all America,—labor and employers alike,— to make an effort to remedy the conditions which cause this chronic unemployment? Would it not be wise to put those 1,500,000 men to work and keep them at work?

Our immigration laws are far from perfect. They have developed in a haphazard way, influenced, in many instances, by momentary expediency and by international considerations which, at times, seemed vital. One instance of this is our contract labor law. Years ago an employer could hire workmen abroad and bring them to their jobs in America. This system was abused and men were imported to work at lower wages than the established scales. Men were imported to take the places of strikers and in other ways the system was operated to oppress and exploit the immigrant. The pendulum swung the other way, and today our contract labor law is so stringent that a man in America cannot write to his brother abroad telling him of an opportunity of employment without rendering that brother inadmissible. This is going too far, for some of our best immigrants in the past have come from just such family connection as that. Today the immigrant coming to this country must come absolutely of his own volition, without financial aid, without asking for assurance of employment before he leaves his native land. He must risk his all and gamble on the prospect of finding remunerative work when he reaches America; and, for a man with a family, that risk is great.

Another anomaly in our laws is, that under the present quota restriction there is no limitation upon the number of immigrants who may come here from countries in the Western Hemisphere. Some of our employers have found this loophole and are now experimenting with labor of low mental attainments, brought in numbers from a contiguous country. It is true that these men are willing to work for low wages, but employers who have had experience with them assure me that one workman of the American standard can do two and one-half times as much real work in a day as one of those natives of a semi-tropical land. There is little payroll economy in that sort of labor.

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So, with all these difficulties before us, we are confronted with the need for thorough and patriotic consideration of the immigration problem. As a naturalized immigrant, I can look upon this problem through the eyes of the immigrant, as well as through the eyes of a patriotic American with a deep interest in the future of our common country.

No one will dispute the high character and the important services to America of the great majority of immigrants who have come to us in the past. Their record is clearly written in our political and economic history. But I, for one, am confident that the foreign-born citizen, or the native-born citizen of foreign stock, will be quick to join with me in protecting our present and future population from evil influences, mental or physical, whether those influences come from abroad or develop among us at home.

I am sure that no one who has the best interests of America and the future of humanity at heart will disagree with me when I hold that we must bar from America every individual who is physically, mentally, or morally unsound, or whose political or economic views constitute a menace to free institutions. As long as our laws admit foreigners I feel that every honest American, native or foreign born, will subscribe with me to the principle that we must make admission to the United States easier and more gracious for the immigrant of good mind, good heart, and good morals, and utterly impossible for the individual who is tainted.

Part of our present immigration problem arises largely through the so-called "bootlegging" of aliens. I have before me estimates which place the number of aliens who surreptitiously enter the United States at one hundred daily. Some estimates run as high as one thousand a day which would exceed the number permissible under the quota law.

A study of the army intelligence tests applied to foreign-born soldiers during the war would indicate that in the last thirty-three years, America has accepted nearly fourteen million aliens of all types in order to acquire 7,572,857 who are of the type of

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low average intelligence or above. In other words, each year during that period, we have received about 229,480 aliens of the higher grades of intelligence, or nearly as many as the number annually admitted under the three per cent quota law.

Our records of outgoing aliens date only from 1908, but by taking the figures since 1908 and certain steamship passenger records on file for a time previous to that, it is estimated that that thirty went out for every hundred that came in during the years from 1890 to Febuary 28, 1923. This puts the total number of emigrants at 6,450,656 and the number of immigrants who remained in the United States at 13,329,339.

Now, to protect the United States from bad immigration and to assure, so far as possible, that we shall get good immigration, I propose that we establish strict, but just tests of physical and mental health, and that we take those tests under the numerical restriction now placed by law on immigration. I would have those tests made abroad in order that the applicant for admission may not have to spend the earnings of a lifetime on a long sea voyage, in order to find out whether or not he can enter the United States. The solicitor of the Department is inquiring into the possibility of moving our whole examining machinery to foreign countries under our present laws. I feel that nothing would strengthen our whole immigration policy so much as this move. One great result of moving our inspection machinery abroad to make selections among the applicants for admission to America would be to end the heartrending scenes which every day confront our agents at Ellis Island and other ports of entry. Law enforcement is made particularly difficult when officials are faced with the sufferings and sorrows of the unfortunates who have traveled thousands of miles, leaving behind all that life has meant to them up to that time, only to find that under the law they are barred from the Promised Land. Rejection for many of them means utter poverty, a long return sea voyage, and despair. But the law is inexorable. And we could end all these horrors if we could make our selection on the other side. If we halt these cases before they leave their native

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countries we shall end the troubles at our ports of entry and the immigrant will be qualified to land in the United States immediately upon his arrival. I call this selective immigration. As long as the United States is to admit foreigners, I would have our system function to bring us the best class we can obtain abroad, and to make their way into America easy and comfortable.

I would also provide for enrollment of the alien after he is here. I would have him enrolled upon his admission, and, over a period of years, provide for a census of the alien population by the Naturalization Bureau. We register every American citizen to ascertain his right to exercise the suffrage and we provide for the compulsory education of our youth. Surely there can be no objection to the enrollment of an alien who comes with a desire to qualify for American citizenship. If, after a period of years, the record of the individual plainly showed that he was unfit, I would provide for his deportation.

I am not in favor of compelling any individual to become a citizen of the United States. Merely forcing an alien to go through the formal legal ceremony of naturalization will not make him an American. True citizenship must come from the mind and heart.

I remember clearly the circumstances under which my family came to this country. I unhesitatingly say that my people would have welcomed the opportunity to be listed by the Government of the United States as prospective citizens. My father was, unfortunately, not an educated man, for he had begun to work for his living early in life. He became a patriotic American in spite of all the handicaps which he faced. I feel that the system I now propose would have given him and his a better chance to absorb the spirit of America.

I have given deep consideration to this matter and I am strongly in favor of this policy of selective immigration and the enrollment of the alien. I hold that whoever comes from abroad to degrade the American level of intelligence, health, or morals, degrades every honest naturalized citizen.

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IMMIGRATION AND INDUSTRY

By JOHN EMMETT EDGERTON

SHALL we continue or relax the present restrictions? Manufacturers have no objection to the principle of selective immigration, but they are convinced that we must open our doors to many more aliens than are admitted on the three per cent basis upheld by Secretary of Labor Davis.

SO far as our national future is concerned, we are really in the experimental stage of our immigration problem. Prudence and common sense must be our guides. Manufacturers have criticised the national immigration policy and their criticism has been shared by many other commercial, industrial, and agricultural organizations. There seems to be a feeling on the part of the public that leaders of industry advocate unrestricted immigration, that they want superabundance of cheap labor, that they are only interested in providing for their economic needs, and care nothing for the effect of such a policy upon the social life of the nation.

I believe this to be a grossly unfair charge, and I know of no industrial organization, least of all the National Association of Manufacturers, that has ever favored unrestricted immigration. I know of no intelligent industrialist who wants cheap labor. If I understand what he wants, it is efficient labor. We ask only that the workman's pay shall be measured by his production, and we are therefore anxious to have him earn as much as he honestly can.

With many of the aims of the Department of Labor in regard to immigration, the manufacturer is entirely in accord. For example, thorough physical examination of an applicant at the port of embarkation is an arrangement that commends itself to any reasonable student of the problem. Upon one vital point, however, we would be inclined to make an important amendment. At present it is the Department's policy to regulate the

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quota of each nationality with reference to the proportion of members of that nationality in the United States in 1910, limiting the admission to three per cent of that number. From the point of view of any organization which depends upon the employment of labor in great quantities, this provision seems hopelessly inadequate, particularly in view of the large number of aliens who return to their homes after a short stay in America.

It goes without saying that every manufacturer should endeavor to make more efficient use of the existing labor supply by developing and applying labor-saving devices, improving training methods, stabilizing production, and deferring all work that is not essential. All this goes only a short way in solving the problem.

We believe that in fixing the quota of each nationality of aliens otherwise admissible under the present regulations, due regard should be given to ascertained annual emigration. The Italian quota for the year ended June 30th, 1922, was forty-two thousand. About forty thousand Italians entered; fifty-three thousand Italians emigrated. Thus while the Italian quota was apparently satisfied, there was in reality a large deficit.

From the industrial point of view, a reform in the immigration policy can best be accomplished through careful charting of the supply and demand in the various classes of labor. There is no reason why satisfactory evidence of the shortage of labor in any particular class or type cannot be presented to the Secretary of Labor, whereupon, in our opinion, he should be authorized to extend the quota of otherwise admissible aliens until the particular demand is in his judgment fulfilled. Some such provision would leave the key of the gate in the hands of the Secretary of Labor, and at the same time furnish a remedy for the condition which paralyzes and imperils our economic life.

Under the three per cent immigration regulation, only about 350,000 aliens are permitted to enter the United States in one fiscal year. During the first year of the operation of the law, only about 242,000 entered, whereas in the five years preceding the war, the average net annual immigration was about 925,000,

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almost four times as great. From 1914 to the passage of the restriction act, there was practically no immigration. Furthermore, during this period the movement of alien labor from our shores has been greater than the movement to this country. In the last two years we have lost something like eighty-four thousand workmen. The seriousness of this loss is apparent when it is pointed out that the steel industry alone needs sixty thousand common laborers to establish the eight-hour day in continuous process work.

The extremely liberal immigration we had in the past is neither necessary nor desirable. Responsible-minded manufacturers, agriculturalists, builders, and transportation directors all resent the insinuation that they are looking at this question through eyes of greed, and that they would subordinate the moral to the material welfare of the nation. At the same time America has only partially utilized her resources. The future wealth and comfort of our people are dependent on further progress. We have developed many industries during and since the war. We have developed luxuries that have become essential to our notions of health, comfort, and progress. We have not sufficient workmen at home to continue this economic development. Unless we get them from abroad, we must be satisfied with crippled production and crippled conveniences.

The need of a permanent policy of selective immigration was reasserted in a resolution adopted at the May convention of the National Association of Manufacturers. It was felt that under the guise of restriction, our present law is operating to prohibit any substantial addition to alien male productive labor at a time when, according to the Secretary of Commerce, "we have recovered from an unemployment of five million to a surplus of five hundred thousand jobs."

Our present policy makes no attempt to meet the problem of systematically identifying, instructing, distributing, and naturalizing resident aliens, or simplifying the method of deporting those advocating political change by violence. Realizing the necessity of protecting our citizens, the manufacturers pro-

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posed a discriminating restraint upon countries in which violence is rife,—countries, for example, like Mexico.

James Madison, in his report to the first Congress, expressed the opinion of every sane American today when he stated that we should welcome every person "of good fame that really means to incorporate himself into our society," but repel all who will not be "a real addition to the wealth or strength of the United States." And it is surely self-evident that the admissibility of the immigrant should be determined at the port of embarkation, insofar as is physically and politically practicable. All necessary information respecting his character, trade, physical and economic condition can be best ascertained in cooperation with the country from which he comes. Such an arrangement also safeguards the immigrant against exploitations, ultimate disappointment, and waste of time and money, and by its practicality commends itself to the best class of prospective immigrants.

Requirements for admission should be clearly distinguished from those for naturalization. The first permits entrance to our household; the latter election to our political family. The first test should be physical, moral, and mental. It should reject the criminal, the non-productive, the enemy of social order. Naturalization should require a knowledge of our language, assurance of progress in economic and political assimilation, and an evidence of attachment to our institutions. Under varying State laws, those demonstrably qualified for citizenship may, through changes of residence due to economic necessity, have naturalization unfairly delayed. It should therefore be controlled exclusively through Federal regulation.

The administration of our immigration policy, in our opinion, should be lodged in a commission composed of the Secretaries of Agriculture, Commerce, and Labor, reinforced by men with special qualifications. This board should be required to compile, analyze, and distribute information which, if co-ordinated, would be reciprocally useful to the immigrant and the communities or industries most desiring his presence. Such an organization would tend to lessen the influence of partisan poli-

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tics, although operated under the direct responsibility of the chief executive.

Such a board should be empowered to ascertain from all sources the nature and extent of our national immigration requirements. It should be authorized to fix the numbers that may be annually admitted in terms of race, occupation, or other essential qualifications, and, when necessary, secure deportation under just and expeditious procedure. The advantages of such an arrangement cannot be disputed; its successful working depends upon intelligent organization.

The drastic application of the present policy will intensify the increasing labor shortage. The enlarging demand for production and service is stripping agriculture, demoralizing local labor, and resulting in the abandonment of many contemplated projects, to say nothing of increasing costs and increasing the amount, while decreasing the purchasing capacity, of wages. I believe that the position adopted by the manufacturers, midway between the extremes of rigid restriction and over-liberal admission, is thoroughly consistent with the traditions of our country respecting our obligations to other peoples and to our own.

Whatever the individual views, conduct, or practices of any minority of its membership, the National Association of Manufacturers, so far as I can interpret and influence its position, stands now and will continue to stand openly and courageously for the eternal principles of right, reason, and justice enshrined in the constitution of our Republic, in the golden rule, and in the words and deeds of those who have made this country the greatest among the nations of the earth.

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HARVARD, PRINCETON, AND YALE

By EDMUND WILSON

WE have in America three great centres of "fine" education, as contrasted with what this young Princetonian speaks of as the Sears-Roebuck style of university. In a keen analysis and with an attempt to do justice to all three, Mr. Wilson points out the characteristics which distinguish the Harvard man from his Yale and Princeton peers.

THE present article will not pretend to furnish statistical information about the three great eastern universities: to discuss their respective curricula, equipments, or official politics; it is merely an attempt to sketch their respective personalities, their individual atmospheres, and to indicate the common ideal which they stand for together. Let the writer confess at the beginning that he has no exhaustive knowledge of his subject; he but records a set of personal impressions gathered through miscellaneous experience.

Though he was for four years a student at Princeton and has seen a great deal of it, both before and since, he knows Yale only through frequent visits to New Haven and to a long acquaintance with many of the Yale men of his own time (1912-1916) and Harvard, somewhat less well, in the same way. It may be that his criticisms will be found superficial or already out of date, but on the whole he is inclined to believe that universities, like other cities, have quite definite individual characters which persist and may be at least partially gauged even by people who have never been their citizens.

In any case, it will not, I think, be disputed by anybody that, in any consideration of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, the two last named fall into one class and Harvard by itself constitutes another. Princeton and Yale are rather closely organized,

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intensely college-spirit-conscious communities, almost small nations in themselves; Harvard is something slightly different from this. And the most natural treatment of the subject is to begin by showing how Princeton and Yale differ from each other and to go on by showing how Harvard differs from both.

I suppose that the fundamental differences between Princeton and Yale have their roots in profound local differences. Princeton, like New Jersey, is lax and easy-going; Yale, like New England, is serious and a little grim,—in fact, it is one of the only characteristic New England institutions which has never suffered decay. In the presence of its somber and heavy buildings walled in with a hard-edged town, of its solemn Colonial churches set squarely in their broad yard, of the gaunt, bald guardian escarpments of East Rock and West Rock, one feels the close energy and the solid logic of a rigorous Puritan stock. And these tend to impose themselves on Yale men from wherever they may come; their activities are limited and prescribed and their ideas subjected to uniform standards, but they are invested with a terrific energy to pursue and carry them to completion. The result is a competitive society of great ruthlessness and impressive achievement.

In the old days, if I may trust the report of Mr. Donald Ogden Stuart, himself a Yalensian of the newer order, the tremendous efficiency of Yale was largely expended on athletics; Yale men cultivated iron muscles and iron characters and used them to win their Y's. But now literature and drama at Yale rank equally with athletics; and even study has some importance; and to all these pursuits they bring the same powerful determination and the same relentless efficiency; even the election of editors to the "Lit." is a highly competitive matter based on quantity production. And at the end of the junior year the most energetic and successful in each line are elected to two or three senior societies, which seem to supply the chief motive power of Yale.

As a result of this system,— which, remember, is applied to intelligent and very interesting young men,—you have what are

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the most satisfactory products of extra-curriculum activities to be found in any of the three universities: well-produced and well-acted dramatics, a quite professional daily paper and a monthly magazine of solid resources and extremely high literary standards.

At Princeton, on the other hand, too great seriousness tends to be considered bad form or merely unnecessary. The term begins casually by students trickling into town in the fall to have their last year's conditions removed in the summer tutoring schools. They walk back and forth to their meals at large eating-clubs, which look rather like country-clubs, while gold canopies of autumn leaves pave the sidewalks where they lounge.

During the evenings they wander singing about the campus till the winter drives them in and with the first delicious mildness of spring they are out again with open collars, on the tennis-court, on the canal, batting far-heard impacts from the baseball field or contemplating their gray Gothic spires from the low woods and meadows round about.

They are drifting far out of sight of the mainland; the town itself is all a part of the college; and among themselves they echo the activities of the world which lies outside them only as much as is necessary to amuse their long holiday. The situation presented by graduation finds them, according to their natural characters, either desperately unsatisfied and bored and hungry for some form of reality or reluctantly deserting their dream for a world they are unprepared to meet. They have only a certain easy grace and a debonair irony to propitiate a hard-driven society neither graceful nor ironic. The benefits and vices of these two different systems nearly balance each other, I believe. Yale's astonishing co-operative energy enables her to achieve things of which Princeton has never dreamed. Her very comic entertainments, those of Cole Porter, for example, and her burlesque organizations have a genuine competence and brilliance which, I suppose, is almost unknown elsewhere. At Princeton it is hard to get people to work together even to put through a joke; they will not even take farces seriously.

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The result is that at Princeton one is periodically exasperated by the meaningless casualness of life. At Yale, at whatever cost, they succeed in making life dramatic; things are intense, they have a definite significance; at the elections of the Yale senior societies, when the whole junior class is gathered under a large tree awaiting the swift peremptory messenger from the portentous society building who will slap the fortunate ones on the back and bid them brusquely "go to their room," men's knees strike together and they sometimes fall in a swoon.

But at Princeton no one swoons under any circumstances; and you wish sometimes you had the provocation. On the other hand, the authority of the standards prescribed by the senior societies and by the general tradition of the place has rather a constraining influence at Yale. At Princeton one is really freer, I suppose: institutions are more fluid and they offer an easier field for experiment; the monthly magazine and other student institutions have a way of waxing and waning, where at Yale they are fixed and unchanging. Literary and political clubs are constantly forming and being dissolved when the men who started them have graduated, where at Yale you have the formidable Elizabethan club, with its air of social correctness, its glittering neat brick building, and its original folios of obscure Elizabethan plays dazzlingly bound in gold and morocco and locked tight in a large safe (as the senior societies are locked tight in their windowless, safe-like buildings).

At Yale, one is weighted down by tradition; one cannot disturb a stone. At Princeton continual revolutions are being accomplished in a casual way. At Yale the most vigorous and alert intelligences are likely to be forced into a right-thinking mould, to have their intellectual teeth drawn as the price of their local success. At Princeton one can say or do nearly anything if one has the energy to think of it.

At Yale, the eccentric or non-competitive man, who might be happy at Princeton or Harvard, is likely to be juggernauted by the machine and acquire little but an extreme bitterness. At Princeton, the energetic and earnest man, who would prob-

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ably find grist for his mill at Yale, is in some danger of being debauched by triviality and idleness.

The mainsprings of the mechanisms of both Princeton and Yale are to be found in their respective social systems. I have a theory that the time of what I may call the social climax of the college career has in the case of these two universities more to do with determining the character of their lives than almost any other single factor (though I am aware that the social structure itself must have been determined in the first instance by the character of the college).

By the social climax I mean the elections to the chief college clubs or societies,—an event which casts its shadow over the whole period of the college life which precedes it and which profoundly colors the behavior and the very thoughts of the men who are awaiting it. Now at Yale this climax, as I have indicated, comes at the end of the junior year. There are elections to fraternities during the sophomore year which serve to heighten the general excitement, but these take in a large proportion of the class and seem intended chiefly for convivial purposes; they are not so serious.

But in the case of the senior societies you have a moral pressure brought to bear probably unparalled in any other university. It is a pressure exerted by a small group of men supposed to represent the very best in the senior class and exercised in an atmosphere of mystery which makes its ideals all the more impressive because it is impossible to tell exactly what they are.

Yale men seem to suffer from a strange set of mental inhibitions engendered by the fear of an unknown censorship and by the time the social climax is past and the strain has been relieved, the greater part of their college career is over and their mental habits have been pretty well formed. Besides, they are still living in the atmosphere of a society in which the chief institutions are managed by people who have succeeded in conforming to the invisible censorship.

But at Princeton there is no such thing as the Yale senior societies. Would, perhaps, for some reasons, that there were!

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The senior societies, whatever their effect on those who are not taken into them, have at least succeeded in collaborating vigorously in an ideal of a certain dignity,—for these organizations, though their proceedings are supposed to be kept a profound secret, have evidently rather an inspirational and intellectual character and arouse an almost religious veneration on the part of those who have been elected to them.

But at Princeton there are nothing but eating clubs which have no other purpose than eating, and occasionally giving agreeable house-parties in the spring and fall. They take in nearly the whole of the university and, though they differ somewhat in character, these differences are extremely subtle, almost entirely social in character,—taking small account of ability,—and in many cases consist merely of the difference in dates of the founding of the clubs, a difference of but a year or two.

Furthermore, the election takes place in the middle of the sophomore year and thereafter the man who has been elected has nothing more to worry about; he does not need to think about pleasing the upper classmen because he has nothing more to gain by doing so. If he has quiet tastes he can pursue them without the necessity of forcing himself; if he is energetic he may eventually find himself moving in a void. In any case, he is free to think as he pleases and to acquire what culture he pleases and to enjoy a delightfully idyllic existence in any way he sees fit; he is not obliged to count the poems he writes or to censure his habitual laughter in the interest of social success.

The social standards at Princeton, during the period while they are brought to bear, are probably of a far more trivial character than those in operation at Yale: they are likely to have to do with the kind of necktie one wears or the way one brushes one's hair; but at least they are soon over and one can be oneself again, can forget college politics and follow whatever curiosities one will. At Princeton one can become a "campus character," a widely appreciated personality, without doing anything whatever; but I have never known a prominent Yale man who had not accomplished something impressive.

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But Harvard is quite another matter from either Princeton or Yale. Whereas both Yale and Princeton are essentially communities, with all the virtues and defects of communities, Harvard is rather a seat of learning in Cambridge where people go to study. You hear a great deal about Yale spirit and Princeton spirit but very little about Harvard spirit, nor among Harvard men do you hear about "class spirit," that great fetish of the other two. An astonished Princeton man, half scandalized, once told me of a Harvard class which had held its commencement reunion in Boston instead of Cambridge,—behavior which is bound to seem to a Princetonian either ridiculous or sinister.

So I think there is a far greater difference between Harvard men among themselves than among the men of either Princeton or Yale. You may go to Harvard and study and know no one else in the university, as you might go to live in Paris and attend the lectures at the Sorbonne. The social organizations are rather like the clubs in a large city; you may be elected to them if you are interested in that sort of thing and urge your qualifications in the proper quarter. Otherwise you may study Sanskrit or thermodynamics at your ease, or perhaps some more abstruse subject to which you might not even have access at Yale or Princeton.

Yet Harvard has a definite personality and stamps many of her students unmistakably. They are ironic like the Princetonians, but less provincial and boyish; they are sophisticated like the Yale men but less violent and less harsh. Something in the ancient air of Boston has given them an accent and a manner of their own and from contact with that most honorable of all our cultural traditioins, so self-confident, so firmly established on its intellectual and social base, they have acquired a firmness on their own bases almost unique among American young men.

They are indifferent because they are deeply rooted, they have more to fall back upon, they are not under the necessity of asserting their value against the values of the rest of the world. Nearly everything else except this (and education) seems to

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go by the board at Harvard. They have good football teams, to be sure, but then everybody has good football teams; they have become semi-professional affairs produced by efficiency experts. In spite of Harvard's many brilliant literary figures, she has not even been able to support a literary magazine; the Harvard monthly collapsed during the war and, so far as I know, has never been revived. But whatever else she may forego, she is firm on her base.

But one thing that all three of these universities have in common just now is financial difficulties; and these financial difficulties spring directly, I believe, from the common ideal that all three are pledged to represent. Harvard, Princeton, and Yale, whatever their minor divergencies, are still carrying on the tradition of a humanism and of an aristocratic training which is fast disappearing from the world.

More people are being educated now than have ever been educated before, but fewer people are being finely educated. And these universities which are still endeavoring to stand for the old fine education,—though in an already somewhat diluted form,—are now brought into competition with state universities, technical and business schools, and great Sears-Roebuck institutions like Columbia. Their professors are lured to the middle west by higher salaries than they could ever hope for in the older and more distinguished universities or else give up the cause of learning and bind themselves over to industry or business.

It is inevitable, I suppose, that democratic education should bring with it the cheapening and flattening of culture which we see in America to-day; and I do not think that it ought to be otherwise, for culture, after all, means enlightenment and I do not see that enlightenment means anything unless it means enlightening places that are dark. It is really more important, I suppose, that a great many people should read Plato in translation or even read a book about him than that a few people should read him in Greek and with the appreciation of a peer.

But I do think it is important for the old culture to be preserved somewhere in all its subtlety and elegance, and in all its

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beauty and strength, and I hope that Mr. Foster's strikers when they take over the government and the industries, will spare Princeton, Harvard, and Yale and even grant them small subsidies. For it may be found more distressing than a great many people seem now to believe to abandon the highest peaks which men have reached in speculation and in art. These are, as much as Mr. Foster's strikers and as much as the aeroplane, the outposts of an expedition to take us beyond the earth.

POET KNOWLEDGE

By Wilbert Snow

I know the primrose hue of morning fills
My spirit with repose that heals and stills.

I know the dying sun's emblazoned fold
Betrays to-morrow's birth in tints of gold.

I know the chickadees in early spring
Make wayside firs with heavenly preludes ring.

I know the twilight breath of meadow hay
Sprinkles with myrrh the drowsy end of day.

I know the gentle hush of falling snow
Pours through my heart a warm religious glow.

I know, as I go out beneath the stars
That God himself has taken down the bars,

To let me wander in the pastures where
The one impulsive utterance is prayer.

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THE THREE-MILE LIMIT

By EDWARD SAMUEL CORWIN

THE present diplomatic impasse between Great Britain and the United States on the three-mile, twelve-mile limit is analyzed by a distinguished authority on international law. Professor Corwin maintains America's right to search vessels beyond the three-mile limit.

ADMIRAL FISKE, who plumes himself on having foretold the World War, is predicting that we are "drifting toward war" with most of the world, "over Prohibition." Probably this is a somewhat alarmist view, yet considered along with Lord Curzon's flat declaration in the House of Lords that "there is no chance of our (the British Government's) agreeing in any circumstances whatever to the American proposal for a twelve-mile territorial limit," it does call attention to a serious diplomatic impasse between the American and British Governments concerning our efforts to enforce Prohibition off-shore, and invites to a careful inquiry into the rights and interests in the controversy.

At the very outset, Lord Curzon should be corrected on one point. He seems to think that the recent decision of the Supreme Court really leaves the President some discretion in the matter of enforcing the Volstead Act upon the visiting merchantmen, but that is quite erroneous. The provisions of the Act are clearly mandatory, and the only question before the Court was of their scope,—whether they apply to American merchantmen on the high seas and to foreign merchantmen in American waters; and the latter question having now been answered by the highest judicial authority in the affirmative, the national executive power must proceed accordingly, even to the point of confiscating foreign vessels which bring intoxicating beverages into *our* ports. The President, in short, has no dis-

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pensing power, such as got James II into trouble. In the phraseology of the Constitution, he "shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed;" and, as has just been explained, the Volstead Act leaves no margin of choice in the matter of its faithful execution. If the law is to be relaxed, it is Congress that must do the job, and even Congress's freedom of action is decidedly limited under the Eighteenth Amendment; although that it is not altogether lacking seems to be proved by the concession which is accorded by the Volstead Act itself to vessels both foreign and domestic plying through the Panama Canal.

But if Lord Curzon's animadversions regarding the enforcement of the Volstead Act upon visiting merchantmen be transferred from the Administration to the Supreme Court, it is difficult not to treat them with a good deal of sympathy. The finding by the Court that the Act was meant so to apply is very difficult to understand. To be sure, the Act is by its own requirement to be "liberally construed to the end that the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage may be prevented."

But its "use" *where?* The Eighteenth Amendment says "in the United States and all territories subject to the jurisdiction thereof,"—not Kamchatka or Siam. That the Court will, in the absence of specific mandate to the contrary, save a statute from ridiculous and far-fetched results is an ancient maxim, and the Court's failure to utilize it on this occasion was little less than an abdication of the judicial function, as this has always been understood in the United States. Moreover, in this case the "rule of reason" was supported by well understood principles of international comity. In the words of Justice Sutherland's dissenting opinion, "interference with the purely internal affairs of a foreign ship is of so delicate a nature, so full of possibilities of international misunderstandings, and so likely to invite retaliation, that an affirmative conclusion in respect thereof should rest upon nothing less than the clearly expressed intention of Congress to that effect"; and this, he adds, "I am unable to find here." But the majority of the Court thought otherwise, and the result of their lucubrations is that, while the ordinary criminal

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law does not apply to foreign vessels in American harbors unless the peace of the port is disturbed, the Volstead Act forbids such a vessel from having on board, even under lock and seal, a single pint of beverage of more than one-half of one per cent alcoholic content, and decrees the confiscation of the offending vessel,—perhaps a liner of 40,000 tons displacement,—as a nuisance.

And yet, when all is said and done, is the absurdity which our Government has thus had thrust upon it by the Supreme Court's construction of the Volstead Act any greater than that which the British Government has voluntarily shouldered in coming to the defense of bootleggers, who, barricading themselves behind the Marine League doctrine, systematically promote violation of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act? True, the British Government invokes its rights under international law. But the answer is twofold: in the first place, international law does not ordinarily require a nation to assert at all times all its rights thereunder, however clear they may be; and in the second place, the rights alleged in this instance are by no means so clear and unchallengeable as the British Government appears to think they are.

This is no case for pot to call kettle black. The doctrine that a three-mile maritime belt marks the limits of a nation's territorial jurisdiction over the adjacent ocean has never been urged more positively by any government than it has by our own, now and then, and exceptions to that doctrine have never been stipulated more frequently or with greater solicitude to its own special interests by any government than by the British. So on the score of consistency at least we seem to be quits.

Just a century ago the two governments joined in protest against the Czar's unwarrantable claim that the Northern Pacific was his private preserves. Yet seventy years later the United States, building on these same claims, tried unsuccessfully to persuade an international tribunal that Bering Sea was a "closed sea." The championship of freedom of the seas fell on this occasion to Great Britain alone. Nevertheless, on page 441 of the late Professor Oppenheim's "International Law" will be found

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this note, following a statement in the text that fisheries on the open seas "are open to the vessels of all nations . . . A case of a particular kind would seem to be the pearl fishery off Ceylon, which extends to a distance of twenty miles from the shore, and for which regulations exist which are enforced against foreign as well as British subjects!"

As a matter of fact, the foundations of the Marine League doctrine are anything but secure. In the seventeenth century the Dutchman Bynkerschoek laid down the proposition that a nation was entitled to dominion over the sea adjoining its coast as far as a cannon shot could be fired,—*"quosque tormenta exploduntur,"*— which happened then to be three miles; whereas in 1918 cannon shot were fired seventy-two miles! Reviewing the opinions of writers of the first half of the nineteenth century in his book on "The Sovereignty of the Sea," Thomas Wemyss Fulton, a British writer, says: "Few accept the three-mile boundary as an alternative to the range of guns; most of the writers indeed do not mention it. . . On the other hand, the later of the French writers affirm that the boundary of the territorial waters is determined by the actual range of artillery from the shore at the time, which is a virtual repudiation of the three-mile limitation."

Coming then to more recent opinion, he summarizes it thus: "Practically all authorities are agreed" that the range of guns "is the historical basis of the demarcation, and the majority of publicists adhere to it as the only true principle. . . . There are few writers, on the other hand, who are of opinion that the three-mile limit has become established in international jurisprudence as the legal limit, notwithstanding that it is the limit commonly adopted. . . . Nearly all those who mention three miles as the boundary of the territorial seas,—and they are almost wholly English or American,—couple with it the alternative *'or* the range of cannon' . . . Some modern publicists, it may be added, follow Wolff and Vattel in the opinion that the limit of territorial waters may be extended in certain cases beyond the range of guns."

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Fulton's conclusions are well borne out when we turn more particularly to British precedents. In the forefront of these stands Lord Cockburn's opinion in the famous Franconia case, the purport of which is stated by a British authority as follows:

> "The principles he laid down, after a review of every conceivable authority, were these: That there is no such thing recognized by international law as a universal 'three-mile limit' for all purposes; that international law does recognize the right of every State with a seaboard to claim jurisdiction over a belt of waters contiguous to its coasts, which is called its 'territorial waters,' but that without evidence of a claim made such territorial waters do not exist. Further, that so long as the claim is reasonable in extent, international law does not set three miles as a fixed limit; but it has been the common practice of nations to adopt that distance, either individually or in conventions for certain definite purposes with other nations."

This was in 1876. Nearly twenty years later we find Lords Halsbury, Salisbury, and Herschell (then Lord Chancellor), in debate in the House of Lords, deprecating the notion that the three-mile limit set the farthest boundary of territorial sovereignty, while as late as 1906 the High Court of Justiciary of Scotland, in pronouncing penalty upon a Norwegian vessel for "otter-trawling" within the Moray Firth, voiced a like scepticism of this doctrine.

It is true, as Fulton indicates, that British publicists frequently state conclusions much more favorable to the pretensions of the Marine League, but they are by no means unanimous in so doing. Thus Hall, a writer of highest authority, flatly denies that "the three-mile limit has ever been unequivocally settled." "But in any case," he continues, "as it has been determined, if determined at all, upon an assumption which has ceased to hold good, it would be pedantic to adhere to the rule in its present form; and perhaps it may be said that a state has theoretically the right to extend its territorial waters from time to time with the increased range of guns."

It should be added in passing that in his opinion as arbitrator between Great Britain and Holland in the Costa Rica Packet

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Case (1888), the distinguished Russian jurist Von Martens took occasion to observe that "The right of sovereignty of the state over territorial waters is determined by the range of cannon measured from the low water mark,"—not, in other words, by the three-mile limit.

It is apparent that the three-mile limit doctrine, at least in the absolute form in which it is frequently put forward, is more in the nature of a popular superstition than a legal principle; that indeed the great weight of authority favors the idea that the maritime belt over which a nation may today assert sovereignty and proprietorship on fair notice of its intention to do so, is vastly greater than three miles. At the same time, I venture to doubt,—Lord Curzon's understanding of the matter to the contrary notwithstanding,—whether our State Department has suggested "a twelve-mile territorial limit," or indeed any *territorial* limit whatsoever.

What it probably has done,—certainly all that it needs to do in order to repel alien rum-runners from our coasts,—is to ask that the British and other governments, recognizing the reasonable necessities of the situation, withhold objection to our Government's exercising a right of self-help such as in a like situation would be claimable by private persons. Or, putting the matter in different language: while a claim to exercise territorial sovereignty beyond the three-mile limit would be *one* thing, a claim to prevent beyond the three-mile limit the doing of acts which are calculated to have their chief effect within that limit is a *far different* thing, and one to which, provided the reasonable necessities of the case are not exceeded, no objection should be raised by any friendly government.

One of the best illustrations of this national right of self-help shows an interesting reversal of rôles from the present case on the part of the two governments concerned. This was the famous case of the *Caroline,* an American vessel which in 1837 conveyed munitions of war from Buffalo to a force of Canadian rebels stationed on the British side of the Niagara River. Having vainly protested at Washington against this traffic, the Brit-

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ish authorities at last sought out the *Caroline* and destroyed her as she lay in American waters. Our Government at first raised a great to-do over this invasion of its territorial integrity,—for such clearly it was,—but finally dropped its claim in consideration, as Mr. Webster phrased it, of the "instant and overwhelming necessity" with which the British Government had found itself confronted. Perhaps it will be suggested that the activities of British rum-runners off our coast afford no such urgent case. This may be so just at present, but neither are we proposing to invade British territorial waters in order to get at these gentry.

A more exact analogy to the present problem is no doubt suggested by what is known as "hovering." Under the British Act of 1736, which continued on the statute books until 1876, this offense consisted in the transhipment of foreign goods to small boats from a vessel lying within four leagues,—that is, twelve miles,—of shore. A similar statute today gives our own customs officers the right to board "all vessels which arrive within four leagues of the coast, if bound for the United States, and search and examine the same, and every part thereof." The principle underlying these acts was long ago vindicated by the Supreme Court. Thus, approving the seizure by Portugese authorities of an American vessel which had been engaged in an illicit trade with shore from beyond the three-mile limit, Chief Justice Marshall said:

> "The authority of a nation within its own territory is absolute and exclusive. The seizure of a vessel within the range of its cannon by a foreign force is an invasion of its territory, and is a hostile act which it is its duty to repel. But its power to secure itself from injury may certainly be exercised beyond the limits of its territory. Upon this principle the right of a nation to search a neutral vessel on the high seas for contraband of war is universally admitted, because the belligerent has a right to prevent the injury done to himself by the assistance intended for his enemy; so, too, a nation has a right to prohibit any commerce with its colonies. Any attempt to violate laws made to protect this right is an injury to itself which it may

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> prevent, and it has a right to use the means necessary for its prevention. These means do not appear to be limited within any certain marked boundaries, which remain the same at all times and in all situations. If they are such as unnecessarily to vex and harass foreign commerce, foreign nations will resist their exercise. If they are such as are reasonable and necessary to secure its laws from violation, they will be submitted to."

Chief Justice Marshall himself seems later to have recanted from this doctrine at least in part, but the Court itself has never done so, and it was reiterated only the other day by Judge Hand in the case of a British rum-runner. Nor does the case lack weighty British support, especially that of Lord Stowell and of Chief Justice Cockburn, and, in the words of a British author, "Higher judicial authority to support a principle of international law could not be found." Some British publicists, it is true, "deny that any such right is admitted in international law, although they concede that nations may through comity acquiesce in its exercise."

But as the writer from whom I quote these words well comments, in light of such episodes as that of the *Caroline,* the right of a nation to adopt defensive measures beyond its own jurisdiction must be admitted, and the legitimacy therefore, of the mild preventive measures sustained in the above decision in Church vs. Hubbart would seem hardly open to question. Finally, Oppenheim, although an adherent of the three-mile doctrine, holds that "a customary rule of the Law of Nations may be said to exist which allows littoral states, in the interest of their revenue and sanitary laws, to impose certain duties on such foreign vessels bound for their ports as are approaching, although not yet within, their territorial maritime belt."

Suppose, then, we rest the American claim upon international comity alone,—what does this exact of Great Britain with reference to rum-runners who, while flying the British flag, are intercepted by our Government off our coast beyond the three-mile limit? Rum-running is certainly not in itself a more reputable business than smuggling, and in one respect it is distinctly less

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reputable, since it has developed only recently in consequence of the establishment of Prohibition in the United States. In this connection the British Government might well recall its own attitude toward neutrals who engage in time of war in a branch of its enemy's trade which had been closed to them in time of peace. By the Rule of 1756, this purely mushroom traffic,—"to the service of the enemy," as it is termed, —is banned. What attitude, by parity of reason, should the British Government adopt in the present case?

From the point of view of morals and common sense, our Government is entitled to take reasonable measures to prevent schemes hatched abroad for the violation of our laws from taking effect within our territory. From the same point of view it is not entitled to meddle with the purely domestic concerns of the merchant vessels of other nations which put into our ports for legitimate purposes, even though it might thereby promote the interests of American shipping. These two propositions constitute the essentials of the present issue between the United States and Great Britain with reference to the application of the Volstead Act to foreign shipping. It is, therefore, earnestly to be hoped that the two governments will speedily reach an adjustment which embodies recognition of the fact. The case is one which calls for international comity all around,—in other words, for common sense and ordinary friendliness.

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MOVIES IN EXCELSIS

By EDITH HAMILTON

WHILE the higher learning frowns upon a movie-mad public, it nevertheless sponsors visiting lecturers, poets, dancers, musicians whose antics under classic eaves constitute hysterical fare to the seeker after truth,—according to one victim who digested all she could and then wrote this essay in despair.

"PRIMEVAL man was round and had four hands and four feet, back and sides forming a circle, one head with two faces, looking opposite ways; also four ears . . . When he had a mind he could walk as men now do, and he could also roll over and over at a great rate, leaning on his four hands and four feet, eight in all, like tumblers going over and over with their legs in the air; this was when he wanted to run fast."

In the old days,—whether they were the good old days is a moot point,—before the glory of the classics left us, we used to read, with pleasant little groups of students, of that happy banquet where Aristophanes pictured these mindless antics of our ancestors.

Now, as I sit solitarily turning the pages of my Plato, I am struck by the likeness of our American academic groups to these whirling beings. The staffs of our colleges commonly adopt a somewhat uplifted attitude, if indeed they do not sneer, when the amusements of the day are discussed. Believing themselves, as most of them honestly do, occupied with the permanent, they would hear uncomprehendingly the accusation that they, vicariously, are as truly on the whirl as Aristophanes' primeval men, satisfying their craving for motion by ordering as much of the world as possible to tumble through their college community.

The continuation of this process cannot but make mental tumblers of the onlookers. Contemptuous of the throngs diurnally packing the movie houses, these academic contemplators of

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the permanent make for themselves glorified movies: movies in excelsis.

We of a typical complacent group of educators scan our college *Weekly Bulletin* for the coming "attractions." Trained as we are in associations by the mental tests that have grown as easy to take as our morning cup of coffee, we are able after a glance to rehearse the events for the week.

How long the jocose and mysterious titles now in fashion with learned lecturers will serve their purpose one can only guess. At present they function admirably as impertinent movie hoardings, trapping us with their concealments.

The Peascod of Shakespearean Criticism by Schelling leaves us unsuspicious that the peas when shelled will rattle out drily enough from the pod of Jonson's *Timber*.

Radishes and Radium, having lured forth the members of the gardening, physics, and chemistry departments, rouses in them only a grumbling desire to demand their money back at the box office since they have been forced to sit courteously through an hour's discourse on the prose style of Thomas Fuller.

Death Dances, faintly echoing *Dancers in the Dark* to the undergraduate mind, brings the students thronging to a learned examination of the Hasmonean origin of the *danse macabre*.

Twofold Twain,—at first glance merely a silly redundancy,—reveals to us Mark the buffoon-pilot of a Mississippi River steamer in paddle-wheel days, and Mark the poet.

A Ghost, a Bird, and a Cumberland Holiday is broad enough in its appeal to fill the house, with the psychology and ornithology classes well in evidence, to listen to an investigation of *The Ancient Mariner*.

The practice of whetting our curiosity with cryptic caption is supplemented with liberal announcement of the stars unutterably bright that will stud our college stage. Careful advertising pricks into attendance him who had secretly planned to sneak away for a couple of hours with his Plato. His power of resistance has weakened and he yields to the cunning headline. He is aware that the multiplicity and diversity of the attraction

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blur his judgment and warp his standards. He seems always to be breathing the already breathed air of the movie palace; his eyes, tortured by the restless screen, no longer perceive outlines sharply.

But the academic movie fan races for the front seat. Doubtless the college administration has tried for a layer of *utile* and a layer of *dulce;* the fan does not know which is which. How can he fail to be limited by the breadth of his interests?

Archæologists, Arctic and Antarctic explorers, poets that are poets and poets that are circus clowns, ministers of the Gospel, the Koran, the Vedas, retired actors who now give readings, members of the Versailles Conference, the Washington Conference, the Genoa Conference, political economists of the Near East, the Far East, and every other known point of the compass, dancers clothed and unclothed, beggars, prospective donors, and ex-Soviet prisoners,—no wonder these swift changes leave our college community with distorted judgment of what is vital!

When Mr. Taft speaks to us in the afternoon on a problem in international law and Mr. Chesterton addresses us in the evening on a problem in Victorian criticism, it is not strange that the ensuing comments center around the respective chuckle of each guest.

A Polish explorer lectures to us, at eight o'clock, on racial entity; he has much to say of blondes and brunettes. The audience, having come from a seven o'clock talk on the constitution of a symphony orchestra is left, at least in its fringes, with an impression that dyeing the hair is not merely a modern custom.

On Monday we see the *Medea* in Greek; on Thursday the *Electra* in English that might as well have been Greek. A week later the bewildered undergraduate demands, "What was that play of Stephen Phillips' that was given here last Thursday?"

A pleader for the starving children of central Europe makes us chiefly aware of her Chantilly lace gown and the diamonds that flash upon her gesturing hands. A famous physician talks upon faults in posture and the resulting ptoses; in an hour a Salvation Army commander addresses us, and the question be-

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comes one of our souls, not of our soles,—and heels. Sometimes these souls are to be saved by Gothic architecture; sometimes by contributions to Ginling College.

One morning at prayers a quartet of Hampton darkies, swaying gently upon the platform, croons forth *Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen;* twelve hours later Kreisler, standing on the same spot, tries, for the same tragic melody, to turn his violin into a fiddle. We thunder applause, unable to discriminate beyond the fact that our academic island seems full of sweet airs.

But the supreme test of our nice standards and desire for the significant once came at a visit from the Poet with a Message, which, however, he washed away in a glass of water. This was the glass traditionally placed by the janitor upon the desk of any visiting speaker. The poet put it to a use half way between that of a finger bowl and a holy water basin; for one-third of the time he appeared to be rinsing from his hand the stickiness of grape fruit; for another third he was dipping his fingers with the pounce of a henhawk into the glass and dashing hasty drops across his forehead; for the rest of the time he was pouring the contents of *a* glass down his throat.

Next day no discussion of the poet's message busied our faculty and students; their problem framed itself in the following proposition: Resolved, that the poet had two glasses of water, from one of which he drank, in one of which he bathed.

Let no academic community making for itself movies in excelsis believe that it dwells in an ivory tower when it lives merely in a glass house.

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THE PRESIDENCY IN 1924?

(9) Republican—William Edgar Borah

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

With a Linoleum Cut by Harry Townsend

A GREAT enunciator of issues; a patriot who comes so near to being great that it seems a waste of good material when he defaults; a man who should have occupied himself with labor problems rather than international affairs,—in these terms Mr. Thompson characterizes the impulsive Senator from Idaho.

SENATOR William Edgar Borah of Idaho is a charming gentleman of statesman-like appearance, who seems to be full of Presidential qualities, or at least qualities good in a candidate, and is always on the point of being picked up by the candidate-choosers and nominated. Once every four years he is to be found on the roadside, safely fallen from the apple tree, temptingly within reach of the political small boy coming down the road. But another is always chosen. And that, after all these years, is strange.

Strange but not inexplicable. One seems to detect, in the eyes of those who select our candidates for us, a certain question as they contemplate Borah every four years. He is a big, fine-looking man. Everyone admits his qualities as a statesman. He is a great issue-maker, and a great epigrammatist; but his issues are too epigrammatic. They produce a thrill at the moment, as he shakes a big black mane and flashes great eyes, looking more like Daniel Webster than ever; but the effect soon wears off.

Take, for instance, the occasion in 1919 when Borah warned Lodge and the other Republican leaders that he was going to lead a new third party in 1920 if the Peace Treaty passed the Senate. Looking back now one can see, first, that Lodge was

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not going to help pass the treaty; second, that there was no likelihood of its being passed; third, that if it had been passed there would not have been any third party with Borah at the head of it.

Another illustration is his latest declaration in favor of outlawing war, making it a crime. He may have got that idea out of history, knowing that most people, like Henry Ford, regard it as "all bunk" and are not sufficiently well-informed to suspect him of plagiarism. Czar Alexander I was the personage who set off the greatest number of roman candles in honor of that idea. He went further than Borah, attempting not only to make war a crime but providing for a police force adequate to punish the aggressive nation and keep the peace generally. The police force was to consist of the armies of the nations participating in the scheme, but these nations distrusted the odor emanating from the chancelleries of Austria and Prussia and speedily deserted the premature League of Nations, which for practical purposes consisted of Metternich. Alexander's intentions were not only honest but pious. It is to be trusted that Borah's are no less. At the same time, his idea of stopping war by simply hanging any natioin found guilty of it is somewhat dubious as the foundation for an issue.

These illustrations are typical of each step in Borah's political career, and explain the look of doubt that comes into the eyes of the leaders every four years. In 1896 Borah voted for Bryan. His reason was that a majority of the Republican Party in Idaho was headed that way on the issue of Sixteen to One. But it is a little difficult to believe that Borah himself took any stock in either Bryan or free silver, the more so as he took the earliest opportunity to get back into the Republican Party and open fire on his old leader, Senator Fred T. Dubois, whose lack of agility obliged him to seek refuge in the Democratic Party via Populism. That proving an insufficient refuge, Dubois sank without trace, and Borah rose toward the leadership of the Idaho Republicans.

In 1907 Borah suddenly became a national figure through the fact that the eyes of the nation were turned on Idaho. The

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front gate of Governor Frank Steunenberg, who had relentlessly enforced law and order and put down dynamite outrages in the coal fields, was blown to pieces one evening as he unlatched it to walk into his house, a bomb having been affixed to it, as was subsequently charged, with the knowledge of officials of the Western Federation of Miners. The result was the prosecution of Big Bill Haywood, Meyer, and Pettibone, the officials named.

President Roosevelt horrified the gentle soul of labor by remarks in denunciation of certain greedy capitalists, in which he said that they were fully "as undesirable citizens" as Haywood, Meyer, and Pettibone, thereby clearly implying that the three mining officials referred to belonged to that class. Eastern papers discovered with surprise that Idaho was a State, and sent out their best reporters to describe the trial. At that time there had been no world war, and the East was not fully aware that there were any Far Western States that consisted of anything but coyotes and a brace apiece of United States Senators.

For many weary weeks Borah painted Idaho on the map. The Eastern correspondents reported with astonishment that the newly discovered State possessed a lawyer and orator who could skin the back of organized labor in even better style than the most daring Easterner. Accordingly, when Borah came to the Senate a few months later, that then conservative body welcomed him with open arms and straightway bestowed on him the chairmanship of the Labor Committee, where the interests of capital would be well taken care of.

Almost the first thing he did was to report out a bill creating a Department of Labor in the Cabinet, replacing the joker that had been put into the original Department of Commerce bill to "placate labor"; a child labor bill; and an eight-hour bill for government employees and workers on government contracts. It was such activities that first brought the wondering, questioning look into the eyes of President-makers.

Throughout his terms as Senator, Borah has followed up his custom of suddenly booming out a threat, an epigram, or a new outline of policy which has gone resounding through the land

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but which has a habit of losing its meaning as the sound of his voice dies away. One illustration already given, his proposed new party of 1919, might serve for all; but perhaps a better example was his attempt at constructive dealing with the woman suffrage question in 1914.

Borah, like other men from states where women enjoyed the suffrage,—Idaho had the franchise for women in this year, like her neighbors,—was obliged to uphold suffrage, though I do not mean to imply that he was not sincere. I am only concerned with what he did. On March 17, 1914, he delivered in the Senate a speech in which he warmly advocated equal suffrage, and then went on to demonstrate in his most Webster-like manner that it was impracticable and impossible to enact a Constitutional amendment on the subject. He gave the suffragists fifteen years in which to find out how useless such an attempt would be and to come back to local and State work,—a plan which all suffragists believed would end in failure. He argued that no suffrage amendment could be enacted without involving us in negro and Japanese questions, and that it would be in conflict with the Fifteenth Amendment. But, such was his devotion to suffrage, he was ready to head a movement to repeal the Fifteenth Amendment and so make it possible to enact the measure giving the women their vote.

This was a grateful piece of information, doubtless, to Senator Wadsworth and his associates, but only Borah's solemn and majestic manner saved it from exciting roars of laughter. Looking back again, one can see that questioning look in Senatorial eyes, as they dwelt upon Borah the candidate, even while alight with admiration for the audacity and adroitness of Borah the politician. I don't know how the women of Idaho took it. As a matter of fact, Borah is a sort of privileged character there, because his fame reflects credit on the State,—so much so, that his political enemies have in some cases actually voted for him.

I remember a National Convention where the anti-Borah men controlled the Idaho delegation and had votes and to spare for the purpose of deposing him from the chairmanship of the dele-

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William Edgar Borah

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gation. The majority finally voted unanimously to let Borah have all his offices and spread glory on the name of Idaho, though in private conversation they were unmeasured in their denunciation of him. It may be that his women constituents took the same view of his project for leading them off the main road into a bog.

The point is that these ideas of Borah's, which shake the earth at the moment, seldom look very great a few months afterwards. And, to keep the record straight, it is no discredit to borrow an idea used by a Czar; how many ideas in politics are original? But it is significant that the pious Czar's attempt to realize an impossibility was made on the largest scale on record, and demonstrated the futility of all such attempts. War can only be stopped when nations do not want war, as has been the case with Canada and the United States, though excuses for war have not been lacking. We have made faces across the border and even broken a few heads, but we have not found it desirable to fight, even for the sake of injured dignity. That time, let us hope, will come for all nations by degrees; but it is not likely to come through the making of gestures, especially when we have no police force to punish the criminal, as Alexander realized we must have. He ignored the fact that the police force themselves were usually the criminals.

From the first Borah was reckoned among the progressive Republicans in the Senate, but that is a term which, since he entered that body, has come to stand for many men with many minds. When it consisted, for all practical purposes, of Dolliver, Beveridge, Clapp, and Cummins, it was easier to see where it was going. There is not much in common between Borah and Brookhart. Borah was hard put to it in 1912, when most of the progressive Republicans followed Roosevelt into the Progressive Party. He was a Roosevelt man until the split came. Then he issued a statement charging that Taft had been nominated by fraud and another statement that he was faithful to the ticket thus nominated, and in general that he gave his blessing and best wishes to Roosevelt and his vote to Taft. As most

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of the Idaho Republicans seemed to be headed for Roosevelt, the position of the most eminent man in the State was somewhat unexpected.

But he clung successfully to the fence until he provoked the ire of Roosevelt. Roosevelt invaded Idaho and spoke in Borah's home town. The ex-President's friends invited Borah to preside at the meeting as one given in honor of a distinguished gentleman who had some views to publish concerning the general rottenness of the party to which the Senator had the honor to belong. It was one of Roosevelt's most impish and gamin-like performances. Everybody in Boise who could jam into the hall was present, for Borah did not dare refuse this impudent invitation. He only stipulated that he should not be asked or expected to come out for Roosevelt, and he introduced the Colonel in as non-partisan and unhappy a speech as ever was made.

Roosevelt chose for his subject the charge that his delegates had been stolen from him and Taft nominated by fraud and theft, on which subject Borah was on record. His speech consisted of instances. He took delegation after delegation and showed how it had been stolen and handed over to Taft, and after each exposition he would turn to the unhappy Borah with a joyous grin and say, "Isn't that so, Senator Borah? You were there; you remember protesting against it, don't you?" At each question Borah would nod his head with the look of a martyr at the stake, while the crowd laughed joyously at the victim.

In 1920, though there continued to be desultory mention of Borah's name even into the Convention days, he remained true to Hiram Johnson, whose personal representative he was in conferences among the leaders. Johnson was too much his own leader to make this a job in which one could shine. This year he has forestalled everybody but Senator Moses in coming out for Coolidge for next year's nomination. Coolidge, in 1919-1920, was a candidate for the Presidential nomination, and while not much was heard of the propaganda work done for him, it was observed that it was practically all done in the Far West. That was what got him the nomination for Vice-President, and

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though it did not avail to get him the Presidency it left a memory behind it which may make the Far West and the Far East partners next year. Coolidge himself went West in an unobtrusive way and made a lasting impression. At any rate, Borah is a pretty good judge in such matters.

Aside from this peculiar course of his, which has cost him the Presidency, and which is observable in every great issue on every great occasion, Borah is a wholly admirable man and a useful one in public life. He is so near to being a great man that it seems a shameful waste of good material when he fails to live up to the promise. Often he "speaks out bold and clear," but more often he tries to be intricate and astonishing; and though he manages it so well that he excites a vast amount of respectful talk, the talk subsides like foam.

After holding the public attention for many years, he leaves at last the impression of an honest and patriotic man who yet thinks he can make a success of playing politics as a game. He cannot travel two trails at once, especially when they lead in different directions; and he might well have taken a leaf out of Theodore Roosevelt's book and avoided subjects he did not understand. Roosevelt, for instance, was never interested in the tariff, never could understand it, and lost nothing by his tacit confession of the fact. Borah might have proved a great man if events had let him deal with labor questions, which he came to the Senate prepared to deal with; but he seems to have missed his calling in setting up as an international expert.

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THE PRESIDENCY IN 1924?

(9) Democratic—Carter Glass

By JULIUS P. FISHBURN

DEMOCRATS of the South furnish electoral votes but not candidates, a fact which they resent. Will the South assert itself next year, and if so, will the signal abilities of Carter Glass prevail over the sentiment for Ford and McAdoo? An editor of Virginia thinks this would be too good to be true.

IF ability, instead of availability, were the paramount consideration in the selection of a presidential nominee, there would be very pressing reasons for this present discussion of Senator Carter Glass of Virginia as a possible presidential candidate. If Mr. Glass happened to live in a large doubtful State, beyond all question he would be a leading Democratic possibility for 1924, if not *the* leading possibility. A geographical accident pushes him almost outside the range of probability, a curious and seemingly unfair situation.

Newspaper and magazine writers, the present writer among them, have tried time and again to persuade Mr. Glass to talk about himself as a "presidential possibility." In 1920, when his name was being considered in connection with the San Francisco convention, Mr. Glass swept aside discussion with characteristic brevity, saying "Even if I could measure up to the stature of the kind of man whom the convention should really nominate, I live in a section that is relied upon to furnish the electoral vote but not to supply the candidate." Any discussion of Mr. Glass as a presidential candidate must therefore be prefaced by a discussion of the very important question, "Can a Southerner be nominated?"

Southern Democracy is frequently damned for its sectional consciousness. "The Solid South," an unwholesome political

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fact both for the country and for the South itself, cannot be discussed here. But within the Southern Democratic party there is certainly a growing sectional sensitiveness resulting from the continual ignoring of Southern candidates by presidential nominating conventions. Southern newspapers are more and more emphasizing the fact that for half a century the South has given the Democratic party a constant and imposing array of electoral votes without ever once receiving the nomination.

For at least two reasons, this sentiment may not reach full effectiveness in 1924. In the first place, the fact that the South is suggesting *two* particularly able Southerners, Glass and Underwood, divides the strength of any movement to name a Southerner. In the second place, both McAdoo and Ford have a following to be reckoned with in the South, if one may judge by straw votes conducted by various magazines as a summer pastime. Democrats of the South frankly admit that there is no likelihood of a move to nominate a Southerner next year. At the same time they are growing decidedly tired of being ignored, and the situation is serious enough to warrant attention.

Admitting even the possibility of the nomination of a Southern Democrat immediately forces the name of Mr. Glass into the limelight. If mere fitness for the job were the prime consideration, he couldn't possibly be ignored. The *Richmond News Leader,* Virginia's largest newspaper and one of the most reliable newspapers in the South, recounts an anecdote which is significant:

"One of the best-known publicists of the United States was talking some weeks ago with two representatives of this newspaper. He was discussing various presidential booms and was explaining how one and another of them was doomed to be wrecked.

"Then he told of a recent meeting in New York of twelve men of the highest station, financiers and students of public affairs, a few of them Democrats, but the majority Republicans. The conversation, he said, had turned to the topic of that moment, the availability and prospects of different presiden-

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tial candidates. After some half-dozen political balloons had been punctured, someone in the group suggested that they forget they were Republicans or Democrats, that they had likes and dislikes, and that each write on a slip the name of the man he thought would make the best president in 1925 regardless of party. The idea was adopted. Each of the twelve scrawled off a name and tossed the paper into the middle of the table.

"It was found that eleven of the dozen without any consultation of any sort, had selected the same individual as the best man for the presidency.

"That individual was Carter Glass, of Virginia."

Mr. Glass is one of the most modest men in the public eye today. His modesty almost goes to the extreme of being a fault, particularly in the eyes of friends who would like to see his capabilities made the most of by the country. Of course, all politicians are labelled "modest" by their eulogizers. The adjective is so overdone that it loses its effectiveness by the time it is applied to a man whom it really characterizes. I am a Glass partisan; therefore I do not ask my readers to take my word for his extreme modesty. But perhaps I may quote two well-known Washington newspaper correspondents:

First, Mr. Mark Sullivan, surely as unbiased and as keen an observer as any newspaperman in Washington today, said in a recent dispatch: "Senator Glass's availability for the Democratic nomination and for the presidency will bear any amount of scrutiny. The only question is whether his own indisposition to thrust himself forward will overcome the efforts of those who are now incubating the idea of making him a formal candidate."

Second, a correspondent, writing under the name "Savoyard," for a number of Southern newspapers, had this to say in 1920: "I have one quarrel with Carter Glass. He has contempt for the limelight. If Carter Glass had some of the vanity of the late Theodore Roosevelt, or of William J. Bryan, or even the late Tom Reed, his name would be a household word from coast to coast."

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Closely linked with his modesty is another trait most unusual among politicians, namely, his abhorrence of organizatiion methods. There has never been a Glass organization in Virginia. Mr. Glass is an absolutely independent free-lance in Virginian Democracy. He rose to the top fighting the Democratic machine in that State, but today members of the so-called organization esteem him highly. He has never asked anyone to vote for him.

Another of Mr. Glass's appealing characteristics is his hatred of demagogues. Of course, his own party, particularly in the South, has its share of hand-shakers and spell-binders. Mr. Glass frankly thinks less of the party because of this fact. He has no use for demagogues, whether they masquerade as Republicans or Democrats, a situation which has brought him into several public tilts with men in his own party. Recently he told a convention of credit men in Atlanta what he thought of demagogic attacks on the Federal Reserve system:

"I hate a demagogue worse than I do a murderer, because he does more damage than a murderer. A murderer assassinates one man and a demagogue deceives a nation. They don't understand that this is fiction, instead of truth that they are saying about the Federal Reserve system. And they are saying it just to fool the farmer and to get his vote. God knows I don't want a farmer's vote if he doesn't know what he is doing when he votes for me."

Some politicians believe that Mr. Glass is entirely too frank and uncompromising in his views to be a pleasing candidate. In the opinion of his political enemies as well as his friends, he possesses the "courage of his convictions" in a degree unsurpassed by anyone in the public eye today. His political integrity simply cannot be questioned. Witness his views on the bonus as an example. He is heart and soul against the bonus. When a correspondent accused him of violating certain campaign pledges, Mr. Glass reviewed in detail the consistency of his record in this respect and then added:

"I was sent here to represent a sovereign State to the best of

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my ability, according to my judgment and my conscience, and not to trim sails to catch the shifting winds of popular favor. I shall not vote for a bill which in my judgment would be ruinous to the country, embracing in its evil effects and numbering among its victims the ex-service men along with the rest."

Mr. Glass is an aggressive fighter, but steadfastly declines to provoke the hostilities. Once attacked, however, he is a master of invective, and flays his opponents with rare agility. One of his competitors for a certain public office, when urged to meet Mr. Glass in public debate, replied, "No sensible man seeks an encounter with a wasp."

With his powerful vocabulary goes a powerful mind, and as a debator he is without a peer in either house. Yet he hates to make a speech. As a matter of fact he makes very few. But when he does, each word tells. He sifts every ounce of his material, no matter how long it may take to do so. His career is no argument for the necessity of a college education. With very little education, save in the newspaper business, he has developed one of the most orderly minds in American political life today.

A recital of the Virginian Senator's achievements is unnecessary here. A few high points need to be mentioned, however. In the House his record was notable for his insistence on sound financial legislation and in particular for his large part in the passage of the Federal Reserve Act, which in the opinion of most economic experts has saved the country from untold financial distress since the outbreak of the World War.

As Secretary of the Treasury for a time during the second Wilson Administration, he stamped himself as a sound thinker, possessing a rare store of common sense and freedom from anything approaching quackery or demagogy. One is not surprised when a successful financier such as Mellon proves to be a truly great Secretary of the Treasury. It is, however, somewhat extraordinary that a small-town newspaperman should have achieved so high a reputation for financial sanity.

From the Wilson cabinet Mr. Glass moved on to the Senate,

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where his speech favoring the British debt settlement, his opposition to the bonus, his defence of the Wilsonian foreign policies, and his defence of the Federal Reserve system, brought him into prominence.

During recent years, Mr. Glass has been as close to Mr. Wilson as any man in the Democratic party. The former President, who seemed to lose confidence in many of his former friends and to antagonize others, has held to his close relation with Mr. Glass, who remains one of Mr. Wilson's sincerest admirers.

In 1920, Senator Glass was closer to the nomination than most people realize. The Virginia delegation kept his name enthusiastically before the convention. His friends expected the McAdoo vote to go to him in case of a deadlock. Several times other delegations were willing to turn to Glass if some of the McAdoo delegations would do likewise. But the McAdoo forces held tenaciously to a forlorn hope, quite possibly against the judgment of Mr. McAdoo, who had seemed quite willing for the nomination to go to his rival. When the break finally came, the tide turned to Cox. But, under the surface, there was more Glass talk than the newspaper reports of the voting might indicate.

As for 1924, Mr. Glass's chances depend on a long series of "ifs." If, in the first place a Southerner can be nominated, Mr. Glass's chances are improved. If, in the second place, the Democrats want a safe, sanely progressive candidate who would appeal, as a compromise, to both conservative and so-called liberal or progressive wings of the party, Mr. Glass becomes immediately available. But if Mr. Coolidge should get the Republican nomination and along with it a good promise of the eastern conservative vote, which might readily go to Glass in case a radical or progressive Republican were named, then the Democratic convention would have little use for Glass.

If the Democrats fall under the spell of the Neo-Populism which is sweeping the Middle West, then Glass would be eliminated automatically. For Mr. Glass is too much a believer in

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sound governmental finance and too little a believer in promises of alluring panaceas and government aid for the farmer to be acceptable to the agrarian radicals. Because the militant farmer is apt to be a big factor in next year's politics, Mr. Glass's views on the farmer and his troubles are important. He believes that "we spend our days and nights as politicians in Washington trying to provide a way for the farmer to get in debt, instead of spending a little time to get him out of debt." About special privileges for the farmer, he says:

"I believe in the Jeffersonian doctrine of equal rights to every man and special privileges to none, and I don't care whether it hits cotton in Georgia or tobacco in Virginia. I have as much respect and affection for the farmer as any man that ever lived. I have too much respect and affection for him to lie to him, and to make him promises that I ought not to make, and ought not to carry out if I could make. I am a farmer myself. I have gold medals and silver medals for my Jersey herd in Virginia, for high production. And some of these other politicians shed crocodile tears over the farmer, in Washington, when they don't know a cow from a goat."

Mr. Glass has the confidence and support of the many sane and level-headed farmers who are not easily fooled by the specious pleas of professional agitators. Still he would scarcely be chosen as Democracy's leader if the 1924 convention is captured, as it was in 1896, by the more radical groups of discontented middle Western farmers. Mr. Glass's particular appeal is to business men everywhere, particularly to business men in the North and the East, and, of course, to the South as a whole. Which is another way of saying that Mr. Glass is essentially a conservative, though more liberal than Mr. Underwood.

At the same time, he has Mr. Wilson's stamp of approval and also the close friendship of Mr. McAdoo. With the McAdoo group and the Wilson group (one can be safe in saying that these groups are not exactly identical) both friendly to Glass, he looms large as a possible compromise candidate, in case the convention reaches a deadlock.

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Mr. Glass himself was a McAdoo advocate in 1920. Presumably he is still a McAdoo man. It is therefore hard to speculate on the possibility of Glass as a nominee without considering the McAdoo boom. Mr. McAdoo will likely go into the convention with more votes than any single candidate. He will also go there with a number of enemy groups determined to beat him. If the convention is deadlocked with no chance for Mr. McAdoo's nomination, and if the conservatives who oppose McAdoo must join forces with the so-called liberals and progressives who support him, then Mr. Glass's name will immediately come to the front as a most logical compromise. But such a deadlock may never occur.

As far as Mr. Glass himself is concerned, he doesn't seem to care whether he even gets the endorsement of the Virginia delegation. He likes the Senate, he much prefers his farm outside Lynchburg to the White House, and it is far easier to persuade him to talk about his prize-winning Jersey cattle than about presidential possibilities.

Carter Glass has all the rugged integrity and courage of Grover Cleveland, along with Cleveland's common sense and essential conservatism; at the same time, during the two Wilson administrations, he caught the spirit of Wilson's idealism to a degree, which, taken in conjunction with his natural acuteness of mind, makes him seem to combine the best characteristics of the only two Democratic Presidents since the Civil War.

But I am cynical enough to believe he will not be nominated. The possibility of Carter Glass as President is almost too good to be true. The Democratic politicians will probably cling to their traditiions of expediency and availability and hence nominate some inoffensive second-rater from a doubtful Northern or Middle Western State. They will say, without a trace of a smile, "Carter Glass has little or nothing to recommend him except his ability." Which will be a sorry but accurate comment on the way we do things in American politics.

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STANLEY BALDWIN

A Modest Prime Minister

By J. ELLIS BARKER

STANLEY BALDWIN'S rise to power is described as a triumph of character. Modesty, true philanthropy, and a high sense of duty are credited to the new Prime Minister of England, as well as a conviction that Anglo-American co-operation is essential to the peace and happiness of the world.

TEXT books tell us that democracies are ruled by the people, by public opinion, or by the will of the majority. But in reality, democracies, like monarchies, are ruled by the man who occupies the highest political office. The elected rulers of democracies are temporary monarchs, and the elected king of the United States wields unusual powers. It may happen that a king, an emperor, a president, or a prime minister abandons all initiative or allows himself to become a tool of some underling, but this is rather the exception than the rule. The man nominally in control of a State is an all-important factor. If he has obtained his office by heredity or by chance and if he has no particular qualifications, he will nevertheless exercise the most most far-reaching influence by his character. In high position, character is at least as important as ability.

The real ruler of England is not the King in his palace but the Prime Minister who occupies a small, awkward, and very old-fashioned house at No. 10 Downing Street, an inconspicuous and almost shabby by-street. A casual passer-by looking at the dark and grimy house would probably imagine that it was inhabited by a very old middle-class man of straitened means, or an impecunious art dealer, or a crank who hates innovation. Compared with No. 10 Downing Street, the White House is a royal palace. It is quite understandable that some of the aristocratic prime ministers of England refused to live at the offi-

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cial residence, and occupied during their term of office a roomy town mansion of their own. Democratic prime ministers, on the other hand, have felt that the modest dwelling was both symbolical and appropriate.

In the past, when the aristocracy was all-powerful, England was ruled by her territorial magnates and by the Church. When the franchise was widened, Parliament, instead of being filled with "younger sons," squires, colonels, and nominees of the aristocracy, became filled with business men and lawyers. Commerce and industry replaced agriculture as the predominant economic interest. For some considerable time the aristocracy, the Church, and the Law opposed the advent to power of the new order. Liberal politicians and lawyers such as Gladstone, Campbell-Bannerman, Asquith, and Lloyd George, greatly strengthened the influence of democracy.

But the nation instinctively felt that in the modern world economics are more important than politics. In the agricultural age the rule of the squires was justified by the fact that they knew the practical needs of the predominant industry and fostered it to the advantage of the people. It was felt that professional politicians and lawyers did not possess the qualifications for high office.

Mr. Lloyd George in particular made the lawyer-politician unpopular, if not hateful, to millions. People remembered the high administrative ability shown by the late Joseph Chamberlain, the late W. H. Smith, and other self-made business men. The advent of Mr. Bonar Law, another self-made business man, was greeted with the utmost satisfaction by all who recognized the dangers threatening England and the Empire from the political and financial recklessness of Mr. Lloyd George.

Mr. Bonar Law was almost unanimously welcomed by the people because it was believed that he possessed both ability and character. A sound instinct has caused the English people, both in Parliament and out of it, to distrust brilliancy and genius. Brilliancy and genius dazzle the undiscerning, and men possessing these qualities have ruined many nations. Charles

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XII destroyed Sweden, Napoleon I ruined France, and William II ruined Germany. The men who have made nations great and prosperous were hard working men of average ability but high character who followed a safe and steady course. After all, flashiness is frequently mistaken for genius, as in the case of William II, and real genius is rightly stated to be "an infinite capacity for taking pains."

Mr. Stanley Baldwin is not a self-made business man, like Mr. Bonar Law, but he is typical of the prosperous middle-class of England which is rooted in the feudal past and which in modern times has come to the fore by success achieved in industry and commerce. The name Baldwin comes from an old German root and signifies "friend of princes." From this fact we may conclude that the original Baldwin was a councillor or a prime minister to an early potentate. Directly, the English name Baldwin comes from the French name Baudouin. The Baldwins trace their descent back to the Norman-French who invaded and conquered England in the time of William the Conqueror. The old aristocracy of England is Norman. The tall fairhaired and blue-eyed English types belong to the conquering race. The aboriginal natives are represented by men such as Mr. Lloyd George. The Baldwins have, of course, intermingled with the native strains of England. Mr. Baldwin certainly does not look like an English aristocrat. He is medium sized, if not small, and he lacks the commanding Norman nose of the elder Pitt, Wellington, and of so many other leading Englishmen.

Mr. Baldwin succeeded his father in both business and in Parliament. The important limited company which bears his name possesses coal mines and iron, steel and engineering works. However, Mr. Stanley Baldwin who inherited only an interest in these works acted rather as an investor than as an expert manager and owner. He is well-to-do, but not wealthy.

Although Mr. Baldwin took a considerable interest in the business which bears his name, the business by no means monopolized

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his attention. He has cultured taste and a great affection for the country and its pursuits. Like so many sons of the aristocracy, he was brought up at Harrow, which has furnished leaders without number to England, and after Harrow he went to Trinity College, Cambridge. At school and at the university he developed a great love for literature and the classics. Part of this inclination he undoubtedly inherited. His mother was a highly cultured woman who came from a highly cultured family. One of her sisters married Burne Jones, the painter, another married Sir Edward Poynter, the artist, while a third married another artist and scientist, John Lockwood Kipling, whose son is the world-famous Rudyard.

The Prime Minister may perhaps better be described as a country gentleman interested in literature, art, and agriculture and connected with business, than as a buisness man who devotes his leisure hours to scientific and artistic pursuits. He went into Parliament in 1909, partly because it is to some extent a customary thing for English country gentlemen to take their part of public duties in some way or other, partly because his idealism prompted him to join an assembly where possibly he might do some good. Besides, there was the paternal example.

Harrow and Trinity are institutions which train the character rather than the practical abilities. Among the virtues they seek to instil are modesty, unselfishness, service. Mr. Baldwin took a philanthropic rather than a financial interest in business, doing everything in his power to improve the condition of the workers, with no thought of self advertisement.

In Parliament Mr. Baldwin was popular but inconspicuous. He did not court publicity but shunned it. His picture was never in the illustrated papers. A short time before becoming Prime Minister, he expressed his weariness of public life. Like Cicero, he longed for his Tusculum, and said in complete truthfulness that he wished to be able to read his books in peace, live a decent life, and keep pigs. The latter desire seems extraordinary. With him the breeding of prize pigs is as much a

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hobby as the breeding of race horses and prize cattle is with others.

During eight years, Mr. Baldwin sat in Parliament, a conscientious but unobtrusive member. It probably never occurred to him to aim at high office. At the same time he knew he was not without ability, but refused to stoop to the tricks whereby young politicians endeavor to acquire influence or at least notoriety.

In 1917 chance opened for him a career unexampled in British parliamentary history. Mr. Bonar Law became Chancellor of the Exchequer and, looking around for a private secretary, he selected Mr. Baldwin, who seemed a reliable man endowed with common sense. His very modesty and reserve had proved a recommendation. Mr. Bonar Law entrusted Mr. Baldwin at first only with the easier and more or less mechanical work, but closer experience showed that Mr. Baldwin possessed unsuspected qualifications and sound judgment coupled with high-minded views. The principle "*Salus publica suprema lex*" was his guiding star. He was, before all, an honorable man and a patriot.

Mr. Bonar Law had made a discovery. His private secretary became his friend and confidential advisor, and promptly he was made Financial Secretary of the Treasury, an office which he held from 1917 till 1921. In fact, Mr. Baldwin became Mr. Bonar Law's *alter ego,* his political right hand man, and the participator of his inmost thoughts. He did excellent work in his quiet, painstaking way, and remained unknown not only to the public but even to the majority of politicians. He was generally considered to be a man who did donkey work for a political chief, like so many others.

While Mr. Baldwin was Financial Secretary of the Treasury, the financial position of Great Britain became exceedingly involved. During the latter part of the war England had to borrow heavily from America. When the war was over the country found itself saddled with a debt of about eight billion pounds. When peace was concluded it was clear that Germany was un-

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likely to pay enough to reduce the British debt. British financiers and bankers were alarmed at the prospect, while cunning agitators advocated repudiation of the national debt in some form or other, or a levy on capital. On June 24, 1919, there appeared in "The Times" a very mysterious letter headed "Richesse Oblige—A Patriotic Duty" which was signed with the initials F. S. T. Following are important passages:

> "In August, 1914 the nation was face to face with the greatest crisis in her history. She was saved by the free-will offerings of her people. . .
>
> Today, on the eve of peace, we are faced with another crisis less obvious but none the less searching. . .
>
> How can the nation be made to understand the gravity of the financial situation; that love of country is better than love of money?
>
> This can be done by example, and the wealthy classes have today an opportunity of service which can never recur. . .
>
> I have been considering this matter for nearly two years, but my mind moves slowly; I dislike publicity and I hoped someone else might lead the way. I have made as accurate an estimate as I am able of the value of my own estate and have arrived at a total of about £580,000. I have decided to realize 20 per cent of that amount or, say, £120,000 which will purchase £150,000 of the new War Loan and present it to the Government for cancellation.
>
> I give this portion of my estate as a thank offering, in the firm conviction that never again shall we have such a chance of giving our country that form of help which is so vital at the present time."

For a long time people speculated and enquired who the writer of this extraordinary letter might be. However the secret was well kept and the generous gift was almost forgotten. Only after he had become Prime Minister somebody betrayed the secret and told to the great annoyance of the giver that Mr. Baldwin had been the mystery man. In order not to be discovered he had arranged that both the letter and the money should pass through several hands before reaching their ultimate destination.

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The dazzling activities of Mr. Lloyd George were alarming the patriotic. Mr. Baldwin, disregarding personal or political advantage, became a strong opponent of the then Prime Minister. During the period of tension which preceded the break-up of the Lloyd George government, Mr. Bonar Law's health began to fail. He retired and the re-arrangement of the Cabinet led to Mr. Baldwin being appointed President of the Board of Trade. He was still considered a mere cipher among dazzling and much advertised politicians. At last the danger of England being involved in a war with Turkey by the recklessness of Mr. Lloyd George and of Mr. Winston Churchill brought about a crisis. The great majority of cabinet ministers sided with Lloyd George. A small minority opposed him, and the leader of the opposition was Mr. Baldwin, whose determination proved inflexible. At the Carlton Club meeting, which sealed the fate of Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Baldwin acted as leader. Mr. Bonar Law was prevailed upon to re-enter politics. He became Prime Minister in succession to Mr. Lloyd George, and he chose Mr. Stanley Baldwin as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, the man who holds the purse strings, is traditionally the most important man in the British Cabinet after the Prime Minister. Mr. Baldwin had led so self-effacing a political life that people did not take serious notice of his appointment. When it was found that Mr. Bonar Law must give up office on account of ill-health, the question of a successor arose. Most people believed that Lord Curzon would be given the prize. The vast majority of Englishmen were greatly surprised when the unknown Mr. Baldwin was chosen with the cordial support even of his rivals.

Mr. Baldwin's triumph was a triumph of character. He told representatives of Labor that the gospel of Great Britain might be summarized in the four words "Faith, hope, love, and work." While he is first and last a patriotic Englishman, his second thoughts fly toward the United States. He is strongly convinced that the peace and happiness of the world can best be

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secured by Anglo-American co-operation in some form or other. At the annual dinner of the Rhodes Scholarship Trust, responding to the toast "The British Empire and the United States," Mr. Baldwin said:

> "The whole world, consciously or unconsciously, not vocally, but none the less in reality, is looking for salvation from the subject of this toast—the British Empire and the United States of America . . . If there is building up to do in the world it is we in the long run who will have to do that building. . . But for the men who have to lay their hands to that task they will want the courage of a Pitt and the faith of a Lincoln . . . Let us hope that all the English speaking peoples may be found, each in their own place, to live a life of glorious service, for their own peoples and of common service for the good of all mankind."

To him the problem of the American debt was a question of good faith, a question which he considered from the point of view of a man to whom the bringing together of the English speaking peoples is a great and abiding ideal. Hence he stated at the first joint meeting of the Commission in the United States:

> "We are here to arrange the terms of the payment of the British debt to the United States. That debt was contracted in a common cause. It was the first contribution made by the United States to save civilization from being engulfed and free peoples being brought under the destructive rule of a military autocracy; it was followed by the contribution of the man power of the United States, whose soldiers fought so gallantly with ours and with those of our allies for the same purpose. . .
>
> The payment of our debt to you involves much more than the transfer of huge sums from London to Washington. It must affect the future well-being of both countries, and on their prosperity depends to a large extent that of the entire world."

Mr. Baldwin has much in common with his predecessor. He is more cultured, but he has less business and political experience, and the great question is whether he will succeed in obtaining the necessary grasp and knowledge while in office.

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CORDIAL RELATIONS

By KSAV VANAGELIS

A FREE translation of character sketches from the pen of the most prominent humorist and writer of children's stories among contemporary Lithuanian authors. The translator is Pranis Sivickis.

I WAS born in a village and lived in the country until I came to Vilna, not long ago. In the provinces I have many relations, more than I can keep count of. My aunts alone number fourteen, and each aunt has her own husband and a wide circle of relations by marriage. They all have business in the city; spring clothes to buy, summer hats, autumn coats, winter furs, or a lawsuit,—or a tooth to be pulled. While in Vilna they put up at my house, for they are devoted to me. No sooner is one guest made at home than another arrives, even more graciously determined than his forerunner to accept our modest hospitality. At times it almost seems as though our friends had vowed, among themselves, never to hurt our feelings by failing to stop with us.

Frequently several guests arrive at the same time, and then, poor things, they are packed like herrings in a barrel. But they are very patient, and hold their breath in our narrow quarters until some one decides to tear himself away.

When night falls I am an exhausted host. My bed is a comfortable bed; I am deeply attached to it. So are my innumerable aunts. They occupy it, while I seek my rest on the floor. When we have uncles instead of aunts, my wife sleeps on the floor. One of us is always on the floor,—or, at best, on a sofa.

Observing all this, our relations spread good reports. No hint of reproach have they breathed against us on the score of inhospitality. Aunt Ursula, who comes to Vilna twice a month to see her doctor, invariably says: "My husband told me to stay at

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a hotel this time, but I said to him: "My dear, how can you talk such nonsense? Do you want me to offend our finest relations? They would be very, very angry if I went to a hotel! I know them better than you do!'" Aunt Ursula knows us better than we know ourselves.

Our aunts have nothing but praise for my wife's cooking, as well as for her other virtues. She is in their eyes a perfect Cicero, and must always accompany them into the city. Every day she has to abandon home, husband, and daughter, to go shopping with some guest or other, who believes that because my wife lives in a great city she must be endowed with exceptionally good taste.

Often I have to share this work with her. My wife with one aunt on her hands, leaves me to attend to the requirements of another. They want the best goods at the cheapest price, and they do not like to be hurried. When Aunt Ursula needs a bonnet she sets out on a round of the shops, then stops and discusses the merits of all the hats she has seen, makes the round a second time for safety's sake, and ends by buying the most wretched bonnet in all Vilna.

And so it goes. We take one of our dear aunts to the city, guide her through the shops from morning till nightfall, lend her money,—for she seldom has enough to pay for all her purchases,—carry home bundles for her, and, arrived at the house, assure her that she has bought the right articles, that she has bought them at a bargain, that they will not go out of fashion, and that everybody at home will like them; for on this last point, our aunts are very sensitive. And this is an important point, because time after time, parcels come back to us through the post, with a letter to my wife, asking her to be kind enough to return to the milliners and exchange the blue bonnet for the greenish hat with a red feather, which our aunt now thinks would be much more suitable, especially as her dear friend, the druggist's wife, is of the same opinion.

But the shopping aunts are far less troublesome than the invalid aunts. The latter require constant moral encouragement

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as well as nursing. They must be personally conducted to the doctor's, waited for, and brought back,—otherwise they are likely to faint, fall, or go astray.

When they are taken bad at home the house becomes a hospital, our bedroom a ward, our pantry a dispensary. During the short time we have lived in Vilna, our house has been the scene of three major and four minor operations, one birth, and two funerals.

On returning to the provinces, our visitors do not forget us. They write us such cordial letters! Here are extracts:—

"Dearest Mariute, pardon me for troubling you, but I think I must have left my nightgown in your lovely home; please send it to me by parcel post, as I do not hope to be in Vilna again for some time."

"My dear Niece, please go at once to the tailor and tell her the suit she made for me is impossible. My friend, Mrs. Antanas, says I look as though I were dressed in borrowed clothes! I thought at the time that her work was poor. I did not want to go to her at all, but felt you *must* know. But you were sadly mistaken, my dear. So now please ask her to let out the skirt and sleeves. I am sending the suit to you by post."

"Go to the doctor, dear, and find out what he meant by turning up his nose when I asked him whether he thought it was all right for me to wear a tighter corset."

After a few weeks of this sort of thing, I came to the conclusion that I should open a hotel. I should like to know how it feels to have a houseful of guests for whose personal affairs one is not responsible.

(2)

We are very fond of Aunt Ona, and she lets us see a great deal of her.

"I'm leaving early tomorrow morning, my dear," she said on her last visit, "by the eight o'clock train. Do forgive me for

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staying only a week, but I really must be home tomorrow night, and you mustn't try to hold me."

We made no effort to hold dear Aunt Ona. On the contrary, we did all we could to aid her in her endeavor to get off. We collected the goods she had bought and tied them into bundles. There were bundles and bundles, boxes and boxes; we tied them in twos and threes to decrease their number, yet still they grew. The final roll-call was eighteen.

Aunt Ona was not at all reassured by our carefulness. All day long she fretted. She was convinced that something would be left out, and kept undoing the bundles to make sure. She worried for fear her bundles would not all go into one compartment, then she worried for fear the guard would not let her board the train with them all. But most of all she worried lest she should miss the train. For Aunt Ona sleeps very soundly.

She asked us to set the alarm for four o'clock sharp. This would give her four hours to get ready for the journey. My wife set the alarm, and when dear Aunt Ona had made sure that the alarm was properly wound, she retired, and I lay down,—upon my floor.

In the middle of the night I heard a step, then the sound of chairs being moved; and finally a heavy box falling from the table. Our aunt was up and doing.

"Are you asleep, Mariute?" she called to my wife.

"No, Aunt Ona, what's the matter?"

"I'm afraid, my dear, that your clock is wrong. Are you sure it hasn't stopped? It hasn't rung yet, and it must be after four."

My wife arose and lighted a candle. The clock was ticking as hard as it could, but it was just one o'clock. Aunt Ona was persuaded to return to bed, but complained that she could not sleep. Two or three times she got up again to examine the clock, whose veracity she continued to doubt.

Then just as I was sinking into a peaceful sleep there was a terrific alarm, as though the clock were taking violent revenge for our distrust. Aunt Ona leaped out of bed. At four-fifteen she was dressed and ready for the journey.

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"Dear Aunt Ona," protested my wife, "the train doesn't start until eight. You needn't leave the house before seven. Hadn't you better lie down and rest until then?"

"You are quite right," said our aunt, "I had a very sleepless night, fearing I shouldn't awake in time. But now that I'm ready, there's no reason why I shouldn't snatch a half-hour's sleep."

She lay down again, fully dressed, her mind at ease.

I fell into a sound sleep and woke at nine. My wife was at work in the kitchen.

"I suppose Aunt Ona got off alright," I said.

"Hush!" said my wife, "she's still sound asleep, with her bonnet tied under her chin."

(3)

Aunt Agota has a distant cousin, who does all her shopping in Vilna and has paid us eight visits.

"Since Aunt Agota's a relation of yours," she once explained, "and since I am a cousin of Aunt Agota, then it is clear I am a relation of yours."

My wife and I had nothing to offer against the logic of this argument; consequently we are relations.

This cousin of Aunt Agota's recently descended upon us. She had a hat, a coat, a parasol, shoes, and odds and ends to buy. For days my wife helped negotiate these difficult purchases. Every day they arrived at the house late for dinner, and still later for supper. They would come home unhappy, tired, and sour. I spoke no word to them for fear of their angry replies.

For eight days the household was topsy-turvy. In my wife's absences it was in charge of a maid, who complained that she was unable to work on her own initiative, and gave notice every morning.

To relieve the girl, I turned to, made beds, swept the floors, put oil in the lamps. Then my wife would come home and scold the maid for paying too much for vegetables, buying the wrong kind of meat, burning the roast and eating half of it herself.

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At the end of eight days Aunt Agota's cousin screwed up the courage to buy a hat and a coat. She paid half the bill in cash and promised to send the remainder. From one shop came the coat; from another a hat with an enormous brim. Aunt Agota's cousin was delighted with her purchases and prepared to go home. That occupied two more days. When she finally left she promised to send us the money to pay for her things.

A few days later we received the following letter:

"Dearest Mariute: My first doubts about the things I bought were only too well founded. The coat is impossible. I couldn't wear it to the barn. Everybody here agrees with me. The hat won't do either. I am sending both back to you. Take them to the shops and get them to return the money, which I should like to have as soon as possible, for I have decided to buy a hat and coat here, where I can get much better value. I press you to my heart."

My wife left the house in the midst of cooking the dinner, and came back an hour later in a very bad temper.

"Not only do the shops refuse to take back the goods," was her greeting to me, "but they insist on having the rest of the money."

That evening the postman arrived with the two boxes. My wife, in great anger, sent them back to the shops.

"If they refuse to take them," she instructed the maid, "leave them there and run quickly home."

This the maid did,—arriving home all out of breath. On her heels came two porters with the fatal boxes. My wife refused to accept them, but the bearers, following the example of our own maid, left them on our doorstep and ran away.

I asked my wife if the shopkeepers had originally agreed to take back the articles in case they were not satisfactory. She could not remember.

"Then do as you please," said I, "I wash my hands of them."

My wife ended by sending this telegram to Aunt Agota's cousin: "Shops refuse to take back your goods; I am returning them to you."

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An hour later came the reply: "Will not have them. If you send them I shall return them again."

And now, what am I to do with these accursed boxes which lie in our bulging little house; what am I to do with the shopkeepers who threaten to sue us for the money; finally, what am I to do with my wife who is ill in bed?

THE STATISTICIAN

By CHARLES WHARTON STORK

He gathers data:
The mathematics of a comet's curve
Or when the oriole nests,
The tensile strength of steel
Or the decline of cholera in the Philippines.
He does not formulate laws
Or institute practical measures
Or touch the kindling spark of imagination
To facts observed;
He counts and sifts and classifies.

He is no architect, inventor, poet;
Yet on his faithfulness we build:
A plumb line wrong,
And all the bricks are tumbling round our heads.
He bent the timbers of Columbus' galleon
And squared the stones of Chartres,
He pounded Titian's colors
And chronicled events that Shakespeare sang.

A slave, some call him.
But is he not—
This man who dares not lose himself in beauty
For fear he miss a fact—
The proofreader of God?

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THE THIRD PARTY MOVEMENT

By GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

TALK of a third party is becoming more insistent, in view of the increasing dominance of New England conservatism. A brief historical survey indicates that the third party movement is a substitute for revolution, a remedy for diseases afflicting the old parties, and a source of important reforms.

IN a recent publication Mr Woodrow Wilson, with all the authority of an ex-President and a great American scholar spoke forebodingly of the task that now confronts democracy of making the world safe "against irrational revolution." An almost simultaneous utterance came from Mr. Magnus Johnson, the newly elected senator from Minnesota and by all reports the very opposite in culture, experience, and education of Mr. Wilson, in which the coming statesman took not the mild attitude of the retired statesman, that revolution might come, but actually threatened it unless there was a change in the conditions of the agricultural class in which he is most interested.

The great mass of thinking American men and women stand somewhere between these two in knowledge and political thought, and I would venture to say that very few of them take as seriously as they should what ex-President Wilson has written nor do they give to the less thoughtful words of Mr. Magnus Johnson the careful analysis that such a statement from a prospective legislator should have. Very few are thinking of revolution and yet in the minds of many Americans there is going on a process that is akin to revolution, since the Third Party Movement is an American substitute for revolution.

Of all the political discussions of the day there is none more insistent than that concerning the forming of a new party. The organization leaders of the two great parties naturally regard all such discussions with alarm, except as individuals here and

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there discern a possible advantage. The student of history, on the other hand, regards the discussion with calm satisfaction as the working out of the inevitable law that new strong parties will always replace weaker ones that have ceased to be responsive to the popular will. Both the great parties have in recent years suffered what looked at the time like fatal schisms, but the Democratic party, after the split of 1896 and 1900, came back in 1912 and 1916, while the Republican party in 1920 won the greatest victory in its history. Nevertheless there are few party leaders who do not realize that the parties have been seriously weakened, and the more thoughtful of them feel that the new party when it comes may result in the passing of either of the great parties.

The rise of the party and its gradual development as a substitute for revolution is clearly set forth by Morse in the collection of his writings recently published.* As the idea of divine right in government or government by force disappears, parties appear, or rather with the rise of parties the old ideas are driven out. Beginning in the quarrels of the Cavalier and the Roundhead, the party developed in the time of the later Stuarts and William III, and "during the reign of the first and second Georges, it became so well established that it could withstand the reaction led by George III."

In this country Professor Morse notes four periods in the history of the party. In the first the Federalist and the Republican or Democratic-Republican were born. The second period extends from the beginning of Adams' administration to the beginning of Jackson's second administration in 1833, and during that time the Anti-Masonic and Whig parties came into existence. In the third period, beginning with the appearance of the Liberty party in 1840 and ending with the disruption of the Democratic party in 1860, the Know Nothings and the modern Republican parties appeared. The fourth period, dating from

* "Parties and Party Leaders" by Anson Daniel Morse, with an introduction by Dwight Whitney Morrow.

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1876 to the present time, has seen the rise of the Greenback, the Granger, the Labor, the Prohibition, and the Progressive parties.

Surveying the issues of these four periods, Morse lays down the general law that new parties may be expected "whenever the state has completed a particular phase of its development and is about to enter upon another and a different phase" and that such reconstruction generally involves the destruction of one or more of the old parties and the modification of those that survive. Elsewhere he adds that "the immediate cause of the dissolution of a party is to be found in the exhaustion of vital energy" and "another sign is the appearance of faction."

It is particularly in the new parties of the fourth period, our own period, that we are interested. It is to be noted that various new movements similar in many aspects to the one of today have all come out of the West,—the Greenback, Granger, Free Silver, and Populist parties having all had their origin in the Western states. All these were founded to oppose the growing influence of wealth, and while they were ridiculed in the East, it is, as Mr. Haynes says,* "only necessary to read the platforms of the minor organizations to find the origin of many of the planks that are later prominent in the proposals of the Democratic and Republican parties."

In the main the effect of these movements has been to lessen political corruption and break the power of the boss and the organization, but many specific reforms were accomplished, including four amendments to the Constitution: the Sixteenth (income tax); the Seventeenth (popular election of Senators); the Eighteenth (Prohibition); and the Nineteenth (Woman Suffrage).

What is not generally recognized in the East is that the third party movement has increased numerically as its proposed reforms have been adopted by the older parties, instead of diminishing in numbers as its principles were accepted. According

* "Third Party Movement," by Fred E. Haynes. The State Historical Society of Iowa.

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to statistics compiled by Charles E. Merriam, six Governors, 116 Senators and Representatives, and 1,761 members of the various state legislatures were elected by the minor parties from 1896 to 1916, in which figures are included the members of the Socialist party elected to state legislatures.

Today there is a lack of faith in both parties due to the belief that they are afflicted with the same disease and that they are both marked by the same lack of idealism, especially in the leadership. A small oligarchy in both parties has willingly used the idealism and enthusiasm of all those who might contribute to party success and then proceeded to administer the government without regard to the principles by which the success has been achieved.

Probably no single individual has contributed to the strength of the Democratic party in the same extent that William Randolph Hearst has in the past twenty-five years, and one does not have to be a partisan of Mr. Hearst's to believe that the success of his party would have meant some assumption of official responsibility on his part. Instead, the Democratic leaders, while apparently anxious to avail themselves of his influence, have been, once in control of government, extremely reluctant to part with any of their political power.

The case of Theodore Roosevelt, if not parallel, has some analogies. The Old Guard Reactionaries are always willing to use Roosevelt's vote-getting abilities and his moral enthusiasm, as in 1900 when they "shelved" him with the Vice Presidency and as in 1916 when they pretended to dicker with him as to his choice for President. The conservatives in both parties feel that they have given enough in the Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth, and Nineteenth amendments. The progressive elements in both parties, from which the third party movement sprang, feel that while they have accomplished much, the administration of the government is still in the hands of those who have little sympathy with the reforms that have been accomplished and are still to be accomplished. The death of President Harding has brought about a condition that will, if anything, tend to in-

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crease the discussion as to the possibility of the organization of a Third Party on a national scale. The dominance of the conservatives of New England has always been an irritant to the West, and the leadership of Senators Nelson W. Aldrich and W. Murray Crane is still angrily remembered.

Today these New England conservatives have political power as they have not had in a century. From the one State of Massachusetts there is President Coolidge; the Republican leader of the Senate, Henry Cabot Lodge; the speaker of the House, F. H. Gillett; the Secretary of the Navy, John W. Weeks; while from New Hampshire, there is George H. Moses, Chairman of the Republican Senatorial Committee and candidate for the speakership, pro tem, of the Senate. All these men are stern conservatives. Some of them boast that they are Tories. In the minds of many westerners they represent not so much the Republican party of today as the Federalist party which passed out of existence with the Hartford convention of 1815.

Before the death of President Harding it might have been assumed that a Third Party along national lines could hardly have arisen before 1928. The session of Congress which begins in December of this year will probably show an embittered West, and to what lengths it will go no one knows.

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TABOOS IN AMERICA

By ELMER EDGAR STOLL

RASH is the American who smuggles into his own land any hint of manners acquired abroad. It is an offence against democracy to wear a straw hat in October. As Elks and Oddfellows we gratify a suppressed love for colored sashes and cryptic words, but on no account may we adopt the dress and accent of a sober Englishman.

WHEN we return to America we leave a little behind besides our money. I do not mean the cup which cheers but not equilibrates, or the things (if any be left that are not) subject to duty. Though a free country, in the matter of customs (of either sort) it is not free. There should be vast cloak-rooms, I have often thought, at Naples, Havre, and Liverpool, for those of us who go down to our ships knowing in our souls that we shall come again. They would soon be full of things that Americans are fond of, but, above all, of walking sticks. The day we land on the other side we buy them with the eagerness of schoolboys, to drop them like schoolboys when we make ready to return.

When the ship glides past the Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, where are they all? Sheepishly left behind for the porter, or below for the steward,—ruefully surrendered. And that is only one of the toys which we have had to throw aside and would have left in the cloak-room: silk hat, white duck trousers, knickerbockers, wrist-watch (before the war had brought it into favor), black sash (when first we gave up waistcoats in summer and had not yet taken to the irreproachable belt), big-checked tweeds, cap with double visor, anything in the shape of cloak or mantle, not to mention all traces of the English walk, vocabulary, and accent.

Surely every man,—almost every woman too,—who has been given the courage to try it, likes, when he walks, to carry a stick.

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Shall he, instead, foolishly swing his arms like pendulums, one after the other; or carry his hands in his pockets like a rowdy; or fold them philosophically behind him like a schoolmaster; or in front of him, like a maiden at her wedding? The upshot of it all is that, save with a gun or a golf-stick in his hand, he does not walk at all. Thus the mildest and meekest pleasure in life is denied him, and that, too, now that drink and betting are gone and tobacco—who knows?—to go. If, with John Knox, we are to think few pleasures in this world wholly right, is not walking to be thought one of them? Is it not *too* pleasant, like swimming? Without the stick, it has, in our strictest country communities, been generally allowed for Sundays. Even with the stick, it cannot, like drink, betting, tobacco, dancing and card-playing, candy and chewing-gum, lead to excess or the forming of a "habit." Like a taste for milk, it may grow,—but not fasten,—upon you. It has no tang, no sting. And yet, in England or on the Continent, for the first time in their lives, perhaps, Americans taste untroubled the pleasure of walking along the streets, through the green pastures and beside the still or flowing waters, stick in hand.

"You don't need it," people here say, or look as if they said it. An American should be able to walk unaided, independent if not free. "Oh, reason not the need." You don't need a hat, either, and millions of men might still be wearing their own hair had they never known one. You don't need a pipe, a necktie, a tennis racket, theatre-tickets, a girl, or a motor-car. But the "unaccommodated man" is not a happy man, and it is to be noticed that when Americans, quitting their cars, do go tramping into the country, they soon cut sticks for themselves.

Or it may be that our returning American would wear his straw hat a bit later or earlier than the fixed and stated times. Nothing shows the passion for uniformity as does that regulation. Spartan in its rigidity, though not in its tenderness for the cold-blooded and bald. At Hamburg or Havre, he may go ashore with his straw hat on his head before the canonical May 15, or after September 1,—at Liverpool after December 1, for

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that matter,—and look the whole world in the eye. In New York, he must count the slats in the gangway as he goes, vowing his hat to St. Christopher or St. Nicholas, patron of travelers, or whatever saint there be to stand, in the hour of his need, between a man and his friends and countrymen, if so be that he shall reach his hotel with it on his head or in his hand. A flag of sanguine hue in his hand were safer, under the shadow of the great statue.

Or, again, it may be that he has weakly taken up with a bit of the English vocabulary or pronunciation. He must discard it, he will soon see. Anything that smacks of a change to the dictionary standard in the sound of *r,* or the *a* in words such as *bath, past,* or *dance,* will not "go down." Though also abundantly to be found in New England, New York, and the South, it is affected, effeminate, un-American. In Pennsylvania, Ohio, and the West, Englishmen and Bostonians may, by the wiser element in the population, be borne with, until such time as they shall have been able to master the local idiom, intonation, and utterances; but native sons returning find no grace. They are froward and erring children and must be taken in hand.

Faithful are the wounds of a friend; hard is the hand of a parent. To talk like a cultivated Bostonian or Englishman is affectation, acquired or inborn. "The whole nation is affected," I recently heard an American in England say, in a pet. Nothing in England irritates your true American as does the speech. The food and the customs, the greasy bacon and boiled potatoes, the backward-tilted hat and forward-tilted gait, he can learn to put up with, but the pronunciation seems to him to imply a criticism of his own. Does he not speak English too? "We are right and they are wrong," a middle-aged Western lady once said to me, her voice rising a bit into its upper register; "we speak as it's spelt."

Cultivated Americans, reckless of their national reputation for a sense of humor, have, while traveling in England, been known privately to approach cultivated Englishmen on the subject, and expostulate with them concerning the corruption and

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debasement of their speech. They and their like, strange to say, do not welcome this difference in speech as a sign that we are two separate peoples; they would not be like the English, but they would that the English were like them, and spoke as the folks at home. "This horrible English accent," mutters the man from Texas. "I like their *brogue,*" says one more indulgent.

Overboard, at all events, all these sophistications must go, like walking-sticks and other contraband. Our customhouse and Ellis Island have long been a terror to Europeans; but duties are nothing compared to confiscation, and incoming foreigners do not appreciate how light the returning American must travel. As their own luggage and purses are inspected they may feel that they are preparing to pass, not into the ample fold of Columbia, but a pen or prison; and as their bodies, as well as their moral and political opinions and purposes and all their private history, are laid bare, they may feel that they are making ready to ferry not over the bay but the river whence no traveler returns. But little do they know the gauntlet that we, the native sons, are running; or dream, whilst they envy us, that as we step ashore to go up into our native land it is by an even straighter gate and narrower way. The dear great country lies beyond; we know we can be prosperous, and good, and happy there, but the flesh is weak and we must be pardoned our misgivings.

For those who do smuggle in their precious, pitiful contraband a punishment is in store, light but stinging and altogether adequate. Though in American togs and gear (queer enough to European eyes) you will not be remarked upon in Paris or London; wearing English togs in New York, you will be laughed at to the echo. A whipping, if in secret, would be easier. Laughter is the great social purgative,—senna and rhubarb are nothing to it. Strong Americans shrink from it, and dropping sticks, top-hats, and dictionary pronunciation, slip into port like truants. The glare of the American public eye is upon them, they know, to see if there be any change, a trace of forbidden sweets about the mouth. Even foreign visitors soon come

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to feel and fear its relentless stare. A French professor who recently spent a year in America, never, so far as I know, wore the monocle I saw lately in his eye in Paris. He is living his own life again.

Why is it that there is more of such petty liberty in Europe, and particularly in England? Of liberty in essential matters there is perhaps less,—witness the marriage and divorce laws,—but what spoils life is annoyances and vexations of no importance. It is a fact that you might, if so disposed, go bareheaded and barefoot the length of a London street without raising the street as you go; people might be interested but they would not get excited. They would think it your way, not theirs, and hardly any business of theirs. They are used to apostles and enthusiasts of old, and have a kindness for the state of nature. And American peculiarities,—your dress and manners, your way of walking, talking, and wearing a hat,—they treat tolerantly, as they do those of the Hindoo and the Jew. (There really, not here, lies the land of Goshen). They will look once in passing and then look away,—they have no sense of humor, we have always said. But what then of the French, who do not seem, on the street, to think us funny either? Aren't we funny, then? Read their books and plays. And if we aren't as visitors, we certainly are as hosts.

There cannot be any fundamental difference in this regard between the English and French on the one hand and us Americans on the other, because there is none in English, French, and American children. In his *Livre de mon Ami* Anatole France tells of the way he was maltreated at school, because his satchel was different from the other children's, though it was just as good. We know that school. And Monsieur France remarks that children generally are animated by a "brutal sentiment of equality." *Égalité?* Democracy, is it, without the *Liberté* and *Fraternité?* Is it because all men shall be free and equal that they must be forcibly made alike? To be sure;—only, British children do the same, without the watchword or sentiments of democracy, and no doubt the German and the Italian too.

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Rather, the emphasis should be laid elsewhere, and it is something primitive, the tribal instinct, not mainly a modern tendency. Is it not the centripetal instinct whereby a community at the outset establishes itself, creating its own manners, customs, laws, language, and art, and driving out all others,—the instinct, in short, whereby a people creates and preserves its individuality and character? The flock, the herd, the tribe turns against any intruder or alien; and in the early stages of society this instinct is more vigorous, jealous, and cruel, just because its hold is more precarious. The taboos are terrible and innumerable. Homogeneity must be had at any cost.

In this land of freedom are to be found, as nowhere in Europe, towns and villages where are periodical eruptions of "blue laws,"—grown men arrested for smoking,—Zion cities and summer resorts where no man may abide if he drink, dance, smoke, chew, play cards, or break the Sabbath. People must be good, and,—what is better,—be alike, and soon we shall all be lettered and numbered, like our streets and houses, our flocks and herds. Born of this instinct,—and of Puritanism, which is an intensification of it,—came the great taboo of late, long prevalent but now made universal. *Virtue* loves company, vice has other consolations.

There is, then, more of this social tyranny in America,—as cultivated, kindly, and pacific a community as there is in the world,—because we are still a new people, busy asserting, developing, consolidating our individuality, jealously safeguarding it. We are enormously sensitive in the presence of superiority, suspicious of anything like condescension, deeply resentful of a disposition to modify or assimilate us. Sprung from the old world, we are determined to forget it, and are intent on a process of assimilation of our own,—Americanization and the sundering of the profane old ties. We are a new people, or are to be such. It is the duty of foreigners amongst us to be naturalized; but this is one of the poor rules which work only one way, and when Americans in England or France are naturalized it is occasion for satirical comment in our press. That they should

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undertake to live there at all save as students, dentists, or the homesick wives of dukes, somewhat lowers them in their countrymen's esteem. "God's own country," like many other things called his, is ours.

It is largely because of this jealous (but not at all envious) nationalism that American intolerance of unusual customs often takes on an anti-English character. Coming by way of England, as our new customs often do, they seem like an Anglicizing tendency; and of this we are more afraid than of anything. We fear it like the Irish. Being more like the English than any other people, we would not be like them altogether. A man may ape the French, the Italians, or the Germans, if he pleases: our language and literature are our safeguard. But against the English they are none.

Some years ago it was the fashion for our young men to wear bristles, or a pompadour, as we called it. If, like the hieratic parting of one's hair in the middle, practised at the same time or earlier, it had been an English, instead of French and German, fashion, what an outcry would have been raised against it! We remember the gibes about its "raining in London" when young men first began to wear their trousers rolled up, although the sun was shining here. Only the greater cleanliness of the fashion in the end won it favor.

Cigarette-smoking came from England too, and only its cheapness won favor for it. Even yet, like tea-drinking, it is in some quarters not considered manly. Before the war, at least, people were at liberty to call their children Hans, Fritz, or August Wilhelm, if they found it in their hearts to do so,—there by a sound instinct, we found no trace of affectation,—but not Clarence, Cyril, Cecil, Percy, Averil, or Algernon. The Clarences of late, according to the newspapers, have organized in self-defense.

It is not merely the tyranny of democracy, then, under which we labor, but the tyranny of a society still in the making or still asserting itself. Something of the same phenomenon is to be found in the colonies of Great Britain; and Canadians and Aus-

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tralians look a bit askance, in the jealousy of their nascent nationhood, at those of their fellow-citizens who cling too tenaciously to British ways and British memories. But in France and in England, the national individuality is established. People there are freer to look tolerantly upon eccentricity in dress, just as they look upon the intrusion of foreign customs,—American slang and drinks and dances, even the habit of unintermittent mastication and the occidental affirmative and negative *unhunh* and *hunkunh,* all three of which surely arose in the wigwam,—and do not take it to heart if their countrymen become Americans or Mexicans.

England and France alike have no fears; little as they are, and big as we are, they know they cannot be swallowed. No doubt there is something in the fact that, democracies though they be, the old feudal differences of manner and dress there linger on. Costume with us, like the man within it, has, to use our characteristic word, been standardized. But in Britain and France the peasant costumes have not wholly disappeared. Eighteenth-century wigs, cocked hats, and small-clothes still have a place in ceremonies; the garb of bench and bar, church and state, school and college, show vestiges of early, gayer days. Men there have imprinted on their brains no such fixed and narrow image of what a man's figure or colors should now be.

But that is not the main thing; and the case of Germany,—the country, alas, which, so far as I know, most resembles ours in the tolerance of strange dress and customs,—proves it. Such professional and traditional differences in garb a people is taught to respect from childhood. Germany presents, or used to present, a more motley and variegated spectacle than England; but people there will stare and laugh at a man in golf breeches and not give a second look to one with legs bare and hairy as a Highlander's, and with a little bright green hat,—a tuft of feathers in it,—perched on his head. The main thing, I suppose, is that customs should be so well established that whims and personal predilections may be freely overlooked and indulged,—that, together with a polite and tolerant disposition.

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This, individually, we Americans have in a degree not surpassed by any other people. The censor of manners and dress, however, is not the individual, but the crowd, the mob. When with a straw hat you meet your friend in the street, he does not grin or jeer at you on bethinking him that September 1 is come and past, though he may be inwardly moved to remind you of it. You will be reminded, he can be sure, as soon as you meet a group of people, even though your friends. And as for a group of strangers, those in front of a fire-engine house, for instance, on whom duties sit lightly and time hangs heavy, you see them wink at one another, while you draw nigh, as if you were already delivered up into their hands.

There is balm in Gilead, however. Nature asserts herself; what is pent up finds a vent. There are the secret societies. By means of them, under the cover of numbers, though only in play and make-believe, the old world (or the still older savage world, indeed) with its color and romance, its pomp, circumstance, and ceremony,—with something, in short, of the showy old aristocratic liberty,—is, on these drab democratic shores, revived. Titles and attributes, hoods and helmets, plumes and tassels, swords and sabres, staves and batons, wands and truncheons,—sticks by all means and of every description!—stars, chains, and no end of other glittering insignia, in the colors of sky and sea, are there, whether on public parade or in secret consistory or conclave, to stay the cravings or those at least who in dress or deportment have been restricted or standardized.

The infinitude of these organizations,—Masons (thirty-three degrees or varieties); Odd-Fellows; Knights of this, that, and the other; Red Men; Woodmen; Lions; Lambs; Stags; Elks; Mooses; Eagles; what not?—argues an infinitude of suppressed desires. It brings tears to one's eyes to see the old fellows,—fat, bald, and spectacled,—marching and gambolling through the hot and prosy streets. Democracy recovers in imagination and in sport what it had lost in reality and in dead earnest. Thought and sport are free.

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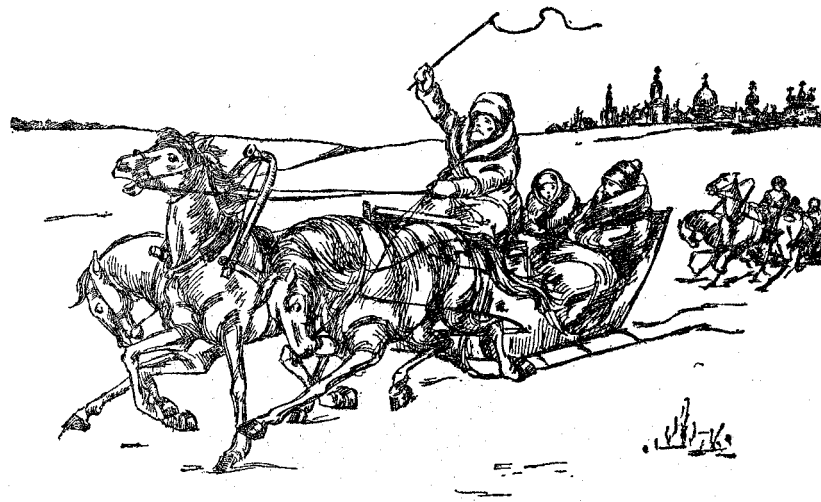

OUR RUSSIAN REFUGEES

By ONE OF THEM

Illustrations and Text by Gleb Botkin

MY FATHER, Dr. Eugene Botkin, was appointed body-physician to His Imperial Majesty, Czar Nicholas II, in 1907, following in the footsteps of my grandfather who had been physician to the two previous monarchs. Throughout the long agony that began with the Revolution, my father never left the Imperial family, and he shared their unspeakable death.

For nine months at Tobolsk my sister and I were also imprisoned with the Imperial hostages, and when the Bolsheviks removed them to Ekaterinburg we pleaded to be sent with them, but the sacrifice was denied us. On July 17, 1918, the Imperial family were huddled into a cellar and shot down by Bolshevik pistols. My father was murdered while supporting in his arms the youngest Grand Duchess.

When these facts were proved beyond any possible doubt by Admiral Kolchak's investigation, my sister and I fled by troika across the steppes, and after a long period of evasions, disguise, and harrowing misadventures in Vladivostock, escaped to Japan.

1938

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In Japan I was appointed Secretary of the Diplomatic Mission of the White Government, which position I held until the Whites were definitely defeated. My sister made her way to Serbia, and in October, 1922, I reached America, to find a welcome and opportunities which have obliterated the despair of years whose pain can never be forgotten.

My fellow refugees come to this land from every port of Europe and the Orient. Thousands have been cared for by Americans in Constantinople. A committee, of which Admiral Bristol is the chairman, selects each month a quota of those whom he considers will make the best American citizens.

Dispossessed, bereaved, exhausted by long periods of hunger and hardship, the luckier exiles set foot with a strange blend of hope and anxiety on the deck of some ship bound for San Francisco or New York. What is in store for us there? we wonder, as we gaze across the stretch of water toward an unknown horizon.

Will the land of promise prove to be a land of deception?

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Within reach of the goal, however, new fears arise, more redoubtable by far than the vague dread of disillusionment. There are rumors of quotas, restrictions, and further examinations. Anxiously we watch the faces of those in whose hands our lives are placed. Deportation may mean death at the hands of the Soviets, or a fate still worse. Passports are scrutinized, questions asked. We are divided into groups and asked to wait. Officials shake their heads. Some of us, who still believe in God, pray. A paralyzing delay, and then—all over!

Admitted! The hope that kindled is now ablaze. No money, nothing but mounting gratitude and a determination to work. Released from Ellis Island, we are received by the officers of the "R. R. R.," the committee of Americans incorporated to aid us and called "The Russian Refugee Relief Society of America."

Then begins a new examination, under kindly auspices, undertaken to find out where we best fit in a civilization entirely new to us.

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Generals and Colonels who through five years of chaos have preserved not only their medals, but their morale, welcome manual labor in mills and factories.

The gospel of work has replaced the gospel of military service, but the old disciplines and the old standards of courage prove useful in the new adjustments.

Women who occupied high stations in the society of Imperial days have accepted the new order with a fortitude comparable to that shown by their dethroned sovereigns. Nowadays they are trimming hats and taking notes in shorthand, determined, like their fathers and brothers, to qualify as good citizens of the United States or, perhaps, of a new Russia.

The Russian Refugee Relief Society affirms that none are more eager to work than my fellow countrymen, whatever the job. From studying art in Petrograd, then serving in the White Army, some of us have found salvation through painting signboards in Brooklyn. Others have begun by shovelling snow. I believe we are all eager to prove that minds trained in the old Russia are not slow to adapt themselves to posts of responsibility in a democratic new world.

Most of us have been weeded out because of some special aptitude, technical training, knowledge of languages, or good personal record. All of us have been tested in the fires of adversity.

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THE FARMER'S CHANCE

By BENJAMIN F. YOAKUM

WHAT effect will the presence of dirt farmers in the Senate have upon agricultural welfare? A railway president maintains that the present desperate situation can be solved more satisfactorily by the farmers themselves than by temporary governmental machinery.

MINNESOTA is essentially a farming State. The 897,000 farm men and women of Minnesota were called upon last month to vote for a representative in the United States Senate. They had an opportunity to vote for a man who held out hope; but whether well founded or not, that was not the question uppermost in their minds. They faced a situation which is invariably dangerous. When a class of citizens reach a point where they feel that whatever happens cannot make their condition any worse, a terrific blow is struck at prosperity and contentment. This is the case among the farmers of the nation, and their discontent is emphasized by the prosperity they see around them. Unrest and dissatisfaction among farmers is no more in evidence in the West than in the East. Minnesota only happens to have attention drawn to it at a moment when hard times goaded the farmers into registering their grievances, and casting ballots for one of their own number.

Eliminate from Minnesota farming and the manufacture of the farmers' raw material into finished products, and the State may as well be wiped off the map, as far as its value to the balance of the world as a productive State in concerned.

Farmers, by nature or principle, do not entertain radical views. They are turning to the so-called radical-progressive policy on the instinct of self-preservation. Such a course seems to them their only hope of relief. If a sound and substantial governmental policy is promulgated, the farmers will not be

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found following new and untried theories nor looking to the government for financial support in the prosecution of their industry. Certainly, no intelligent man or woman can fail to realize that the farmers are being driven into their present desperate condition through lack of laws that will enable them as individuals, or through their marketing associations, to reap their rightful share of the prices paid by consumers.

To call the vote of the farmers of Minnesota a vote for radicalism is unjust. Thirty-eight per cent of the population of that State is agricultural, and is largely of Norwegian, Swedish, German, and Canadian origin. This class of citizens do not go off half-cocked nor act without a well founded reason. The farmer dislikes poverty and while he is willing to take reasonable risks, he demands a fair chance in life's gamble. When he is given a fair chance, he will make farming a prosperous vocation, take care of his own business, and not look to the government for financial aid.

The prosperity of the farmer is the barometer of the nation's prosperity. Yet our farmers find themselves being driven into want and bankruptcy. A majority have been reduced to a point where they must live from a scanty income, for which they give a year's time, and work hard from twelve to fourteen hours a day, and usually end with nothing to show for it. Freight rates are driving farmers to ruin. In Montana during the last two years, one hundred banks have been obliged to close their doors.

For the last three years, column after column of the newspapers has been filled with farm foreclosure sales by the sheriffs. The truth of this is further borne out by the fact that the six and one half million farms of the nation are owned by approximately three million individuals. Every year shows an increase in tenant farmers and a decrease in the number of farms cultivated by their owners. While this process of undermining the government's foundation is seen on every hand, we hear the consuming population groaning under the constantly increasing cost of their table supplies. Housewives must figure carefully how

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they can use their small income to pay rent and buy enough food for their families.

A particular instance, chosen at random from governmental reports, furnishes pertinent statistics. One of the principal farm products of Nassau and Suffolk Counties, Long Island, is white potatoes. A Suffolk County farmer sells at the farm a carload of one thousand bushels of potatoes for shipment to New York, for which he receives fifty-eight cents a bushel, or $580.

The retail price paid by the consumer for these potatoes, $2.00 per bushel, or for the 1,000 bushels, $2,000,

Distributed as follows:

To the Farmer	$580.00		
The first charge against cost of distribution is the railroad charge of 16 cents per 100 lbs. 9.6 cents per bushel, or on the 1,000 bushels,	96.00	$ 676.00	
The cost of distribution from railroad delivery station to the consumer		1,324.00	$2,000.00

On a percentage basis the division of consumer's dollar approximates as follows:

To the farmer	29 per cent
To the railroad	5 " "
To cost of distribution, etc.	66 " "
	100 " "

The farm price used in this illustration is the same as that reported by the Department of Agriculture for the crop of 1922. The railroad charge is the established rate fixed by the State authorities.

I wish especially to call attention to the fact that after the potatoes are delivered by the railroad at New York to the consignee, there is no knowledge of and no way of ascertaining any information as to how the cost of distribution, $1,324, is divided between the various people or agencies handling the potatoes between the railroad station and the consumers.

What is responsible for this lack of proportion? Why is it allowed to continue? And what is the remedy?

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The answer to the first question is this: the cost of distribution of foodstuffs from farmer to consumer is enormous because the number of those engaged in selling and distributing foodstuffs has reached a point where there are four food dealers to every seven farmers of the country. This large and unnecessary army of dealers with their thousands of employes, must live off the difference between the price paid to the farmer and that paid by the consumer.

The answer to the second question is this: we have had no broad, constructive legislation of a substantial and permanent character to protect the interests of agriculture. The present farm crisis is compelling administration officers, Congressmen, and candidates to take notice. Politics is seized with fear of a repetition of what happened in Minnesota.

The answer to the third question is this: the remedy lies in the enactment of national and state laws which will enable co-operative marketing agencies and other farm organizations, or individual shippers, to follow up shipments of their goods commencing with the railroad freight charge through to the final consumer, thus enabling such organizations to ascertain how much the different commission merchants, wholesale jobbers, distributors, and others handling the farmer's products, receive; and the service they perform therefor; enabling the farmers' organizations to correct and cut out all unnecessary and inequitable charges incurred between the initial shipping point and the ultimate consumer.

With such enabling laws, farmers will handle their business through organized agencies of their own selection who will distribute their products in a businesslike manner, with a view to meeting the requirements of supply and demand. Through their state, local, and national shipping associations they will keep in touch with each other and distribute through central organizations, thus preventing the shipment of larger quantities of food to the different markets than is required to meet legitimate demands.

No law attempting to regulate the farmers through Washing-

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ton, as to their method of marketing their products, or attempting to regulate their handling and selling of farm products, will do justice to the farming industry. Farmers will not permanently overcome the difficulties with which they are faced through legislation based upon the impractical theories now being put forward. It would be unfortunate to have a marketing system financed and directed by the government. The best the farmer could hope for under such a system would be temporary relief, hurtful in the long run. This is the time to instal machinery for permanent operation.

The substantial and permanent way to accomplish what both producers and consumers are clamoring for, is legislation which will enable the farmers themselves, through farm agencies and cooperative marketing associations, to formulate plans whereby their representatives may ascertain all facts relating to the shipment of their products from field to market, and to the ultimate cost of distribution to the consuming public.

I do not mean by this that farm organizations can, or should endeavor to regulate the number of merchants, jobbers, retailers, or agents engaged in selling farm products; but I do mean that their books showing expenses, commissions, profits, and methods of distribution should be subject to inspection with a view to locating any surplus or unnecessary charges between the farmer and his final customer, the consumer.

The farmers for the first time have an opportunity to force recognition of the business end of their industry, and they should not throw it away. On the contrary, they should demand laws that will enable them to know every fair and unfair charge of whatever nature that is made against their goods on their route from farm to grocer.

Up to the present it has been the fault of the political powers that nothing has been done to give the farmer a fair chance. If nothing is done now, it will be the farmers' fault.

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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

IT needed not the crowds that stood across the country to see the funeral train pass to prove that Warren G. Harding was loved by his fellow countrymen and that their sorrow was deep. A gentle man who wished well for all his fellow beings, he loved to be among his own Americans, and typical of them in so many ways, their heads bowed in true grief. History will deal generously with him, for he came in one of the most difficult times and, as he showed in the making of his Cabinet, he put his personal preferences aside that he might solve the momentous problems he faced.

Most of these problems are the lot of his successor, Calvin Coolidge, a strangely silent man with but two or three known intimates, who after two years in the Senate, as Presiding Officer, is as much of an enigma to the Senators today as he was the day he took office, March 4th, 1921.

New England pride will assert itself over the fact that once again, after a long period, it has a son in the Presidency, but the rest of the country will wait eagerly for some indication of the depth of the new President's mind and his ability to lead a nation. Much recently written about Mr. Coolidge in the hurry to show good will is unfair to him, for the good will of the nation in his ordeal goes without saying, while the evidence of his ability must come in his own deeds and words.

Calvin Coolidge's greatest difficulty in the next few months will be in the avoidance of those advisers who will be set on making for him a hasty record that will insure for him the Republican nomination next June in Chicago. With an eye on that goal rather than on the needs of the nation, he is in danger of running into pitfalls.

More serious still is the talk in Washigton of his ability to "put himself over" by use of the administration patronage

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machine and by trades and dickers in the Convention. There is something in Mr. Coolidge's makeup that makes one hope he is morally above such thoughts. A Convention ruled by the tradesmen and the merchantmen of politics, and swayed by administration patronage, will be wasting its time. The country has had enough of this kind of politics, and if the Republican candidate *is* to have any chance at all, it must be by representing the will of the people as expressed in honest primaries.

It is for this reason that many men who before President Harding's death were in doubt as to the possibility of the nomination of Hiram Johnson are now turning toward the Senator from California. Of all the men in the party nationally prominent today he is the one who seems to have the confidence of the plain people, and the existence of the Republican party is dependent on its once again regaining some of the confidence of the people that it has lost in recent years.

Evident too, is the fact that if the radical movement in the west, as led by La Follette, Brookhart, and others is not eventually to control the Republican party there must be an indication on the part of the East that it is willing to accept a Roosevelt progressive of the type of Johnson.

The sieve at Ellis Island is so finely perforated, and the human ingredients are poured into the sieve in such confusion that even the British Ambassador finds it necessary to make a report on the condition. THE FORUM is glad to give a hearing both to the member of the Cabinet in charge of immigration, and to a spokesman of the manufacturers of the country. Our readers will judge for themselves the merits of the debate. The editors, however, may be allowed to say that while heartily commending Secretary Davis's plan to transfer the machinery of examination to the port of embarkation, they feel that the present restrictions are entirely too arbitrary and severe. Employers of labor seem united in feeling that the solution lies in a more efficient investigation into our requirements in the way of workers. It is up to them to place before the Government convincing data.

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OUR ROSTRUM FOR SEPTEMBER

Regarding Farmers

Editor of THE FORUM:

IN connection with my article for the September edition of THE FORUM it may not be out of place for me to call attention to the fact that the subject of the farming industry is not a new one to me. I have given much time and study to the matter and have for a long time advocated improved marketing conditions. For instance, in an address to the Texas Farmers Congress, at College, Texas, July 26, 1911, I said: "The government should assist in finding a way for better farm marketing. There should be a market bureau organized by the Agricultural Department devoted to accumulating and distributing information on best methods and best markets for selling."

In an address before the Association of Agricultural Students at Lincoln, Nebraska, January 17, 1911, I said: "Farmers have listened to political agitators but they have nothing to offer in the way of lower costs in handling farm products and larger returns to farmers. The growth of the organization of farmers will be the next important step in the development of the country. We shall then have commercialized farming."

There are many methods and new theories being offered to relieve the distressed agricultural situation. I have stood steadily and consistently by my original plan for a number of years. Since I have recently expressed my views and recommendations as to a substantial and permanent marketing system, it is exceedingly gratifying to receive such a large number of endorsements from farm organizations, farm co-operative marketing and selling agencies, as well as numerous favorable newspaper comments. I am convinced that the principle I have laid down in my article to THE FORUM will form the basic foundation for solving the biggest and by far most predominating problem of the day.

B. F. YOAKUM.

More About Garvey

Mr. W. A. Domingo, one of the Editors of "The Crusader Service," and formerly Editor of "The Negro World" and "The Emancipator," has criticized Mr. Pickens' article "The Emperor of Africa," in our August issue, in a letter from which we give extracts below:

Editor of THE FORUM:

To persons not conversant with the facts of Garveyism the only conclusion to be gained from the article is that Mr. Garvey had deliberately imported into American Negro life elements that were foreign to it, and that Messrs. Pickens, Randolph, Owen, and Bagnall had, St. George-like, to gird on their armor and slay the awful dragon. Indeed, no one would glean from the article that Mr. Pickens himself had written an article for "The Nation" and another for Mr. Garvey's personal organ "The Negro World," two years ago, eulogizing Garvey as being "as brave as a Numidian lion," and intimating that since the powerful German empire had fallen, Garvey's African scheme might not be so visionary and chimerical after all. At that time Garvey . . . publicly stated that Pickens had come to him with a tale of alleged dissatisfaction with the N. A. A. C. P. because of intra-racial color discrimination against

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him in the latter organization of which he was and still is a salaried official.

Prof. Pickens in his invincible and inimitable fun-making, strays from his legitimate field of comedy and essays to write dogmatically as to the national composition of the Garveyites and about color conditions in the West Indies. He endeavors to convince his readers that the U. N. I. A. is primarily British in composition. This is not true. The overwhelming majority of the Garveyites in America are native-born Negroes. And the largest section of the Garvey movement is in the United States. For brevity I adduce the following facts in support of my contention: The U. N. I. A. was founded in Jamaica in 1914, but never made any headway until Garvey came to America. There are only about 60,000 British West Indians in the United States and it is safe to say that nine-tenths of them are located in New York City, Boston, Miami, and Key West, yet the most powerful divisions of the U. N. I. A. are located in Pittsburgh, Chicago, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Cincinnati and Denver! . . .

As for the funds subscribed I enclose a clipping of the typical week's receipt for the Defense Fund which speaks for itself. It is easily seen that out of over 100 individual contributions giving from ten cents to $10.00 each, only a total of $4.00 out of $200 came from the West Indies—Cuba!

As for those mainly responsible for Garvey's conviction I venture the opinion that Garvey must blame British Negroes. I attended the trial for 24 out of the 27 days (Pickens was there but once) and noticed that the District Attorney's case rested upon the testimony of West Indians—Grey, Orr, Cockburn, Richardson, Walkis, etc.,—while a majority of Garvey's witnesses, —Bruce, Poston, Davis, Ware, etc.,—were American born.

That Garvey, mountebank as he is, failed to interpret West Indian psychology is proved by the failure of the movement to prosper in the islands; that it correctly represents a large section of American Negro psychology is proved by the rapid and phenomenal growth of the movement in this country. . . As for the absence of color distinction inside the composite group called Negroes in America Mr. Charles S. Johnson, editor of "Opportunity" says: "Essentially this is a movement of pure blood Negroes. It is their revanche. Mixed bloods—mulattoes—have received a shade more consideration at the hands of white America." I am not saying that color conditions in the West Indies, or specifically speaking, Jamaica, are ideal, but for one to speak of it being a caste, or near it, is sheer nonsense. As a black Jamaican I know that it is hardest for capable black individuals to rise but the fact is that despite color obstacles they can, and do rise, to positions of great influence.

As for the claim that Garvey's downfall was due to the redoubtable quartet I cannot allow it to go unchallenged. Garvey admits and Poston has told me that Garvey's greatest undoer was "The Crusader Service" which serves fully 200 Negro newspapers with two weekly releases. This service is mainly run by Cyril V. Briggs, a West Indian octoroon, with slight, sporadic assistance from the writer. The news service has broadcasted far and near news that has done more to injure the preposterous pretences of Garvey than anything else. I am sure Mr. Briggs is not looking for any glory, nor am I, but for Prof. Pickens to ignore the exposure of Garvey that I, assisted by Mr. Briggs, made in "The Emancipator" in 1920 with the result that Garvey sued the paper and me for $400,000 is, to say the least, naive. . . Du Bois who edits "The Crisis," too, has done some good work exposing Garvey. . .

W. A. Domingo.

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Mr. Pickens Explains

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have just been advised over the telephone that Domingo, a West Indian, is writing THE FORUM some disagreement with my ideas in parts of the article on "Garveyism." You can expect that. Domingo was himself a co-worker with Garvey, and was later opposed to him. Some other West Indians, too, came to oppose Garvey latterly.

But the most effective opposition of all was that systematically and openly conducted from the summer of 1922 by the four persons mentioned in my article. These men put the matter squarely up to the Department of Justice, by a letter to Attorney-General Daugherty, which was reported in a column on the first page of the Washington "Post," and commented on favorably by many other papers,—among such comments being a leading editorial in the "Philadelphia Public Ledger."

As long as I thought Garvey *honest in his illusions,* I said a good word for him, and even wrote a favorable opinion of him in "The Nation." But when I became convinced of dishonesty, I was equally sincere and open in opposition to his schemes.

WILLIAM PICKENS.

A Workingman's Protest

THE Editor has received the following letter of protest suggested by the article in the July issue on Henry Ford as a Presidential possibility:

Editor of THE FORUM:

I'm rather surprised you publish such abuse of Henry Ford. To me he seems the most perfect man who ever lived, more then David who killed a man to steal his wife, or Christ even, who was a hobo, never done a thing to help man, he might have told him how to make a bike if he knew so much, just was a bootlegger, turned water into wine, robbed corn and mellon patches, I suppose, done crazy stunts, took money out of fish, like a sleight of hand, etc. Henny Ford is the first rich man who ever lived, who the working people would not like to tar, feather, ride on a rail, to the planet Mars. His little ford has made more working men and there families happy, then anything ever made, and he like the other rich did not employ child labor, or cut down wages, always raised them, and lowered prices on his machiene, also I read employed cripples, the first time in history, nothing is a more disgrace to a city, then to see the poor cripples on every corner, at a little cost they could have work or be cared for not disgust people at every step. They think Ford a fool, to try for peace about every one I know voted for wood pecker wilson, thinking he would keep piece, when all the time the crazy fools at the top were planing for war to make 25,000 more millionaires. The worst thing seems to be about Ford, they think him honest. All down the centuries the world has been looking in vain for an honest man, now they have really found one I suppose they would kill him if they could, The other rich steal from every man then give back a little, to gain favor, to steal more, he don't give give this fool way, but all the time makes more business, to employ more men, to be able to give better pay. We have just entered the Aquarian age, the age of man, the nature of the sign is to destroy, to rebuild. Ford is the first of the new builders, during the coming 2000 years more will follow, some day we may even have a ruler for President, an Honest man.

S. JUELSON.

Mr. Bryan and Evolution

Dr. Williams, a Fellow of the New York Academy of Science, is eminently fitted to express himself upon the religious beliefs of scientists. He sends us the following letter:

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Editor of THE FORUM:

Success in the treatment of any disease or evil depends on correct diagnosis. What is the cause of the present loss of faith and what is it that men have lost faith in? One sees from Mr. Bryan's article in the July issue of THE FORUM that his concern is that the world has lost faith in the plenary divine inspiration of the bible and that the chief cause of this is the teaching of the theory of evolution in our educational institutions. The old faith in the validity of the literal verbal interpretation of the bible is certainly rapidly dying, is, in fact, dead in the view of all really intelligent people. But there is overwhelming proof that neither the theory nor the facts of evolution have played the most important part in this loss of faith. It was the inevitable result of a critical, scholarly, scientific investigation of the history of the bible and the results of this investigation were known to many before the doctrine of evolution.

There are thousands of the most intelligent people in the world who would have lost *all* faith in the reality of spiritual things but for the teaching of modern science. Foremost among the great leaders of science who were also deeply religious men I will mention the names of three: Faraday, John Fiske, and Alfred Russell Wallace.

Mr. Bryan says: "Theistic evolution is an anesthetic; it deadens the pain while the Christian's religion is being removed." By this rather inelegant metaphor he really means *his* sort of religion and from that point of view he is entirely right. But let any intelligent person read Fiske's "Through Nature to God," "The Destiny of Man," or the later books of Wallace, in which he lashes the inconsistency of those who destroy the spirit of Christianity by their materialistic literalism, and then contemplate the spectacle of Mr. Bryan, from the lofty heights of his very fallible self conceit, thundering infallible pronouncements against men who, realizing that the old foundations of faith, while well enough adapted to a primitive age, should be removed and a more suitable structure erected in harmony with modern thought and knowledge.

The foundations of religious belief must be relaid, and that right soon, if a world catastrophe is to be averted. Let Mr. Bryan leave the task of the reconstruction of religion to hands far better fitted for that work and turn his attention to a field in which his eloquence can accomplish something for which the world will render him honor and grateful thanks for all time. Let him inaugurate a campaign for the union of all the Christian churches to abolish war. There lies open to him the greatest opportunity ever presented to a man of unique abilities. And there lies the grand opportunity for the churches to win back a large measure of the confidence and esteem which they have lost.

J. LEON WILLIAMS.

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period of war service, following which :turned to Oxford for the degree of t., which he obtained in 1922. He has ibuted essays and poems to a dozen peri- ls. At present he is Assistant Professor ıglish Literature at Wells College.

ALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT may be described scientist with a keen imagination, or as hly imaginative man with a turn for e. He usually makes a business of one e and a hobby of every other. He was a patent attorney, and he is today vice- lent of an important engineering com-

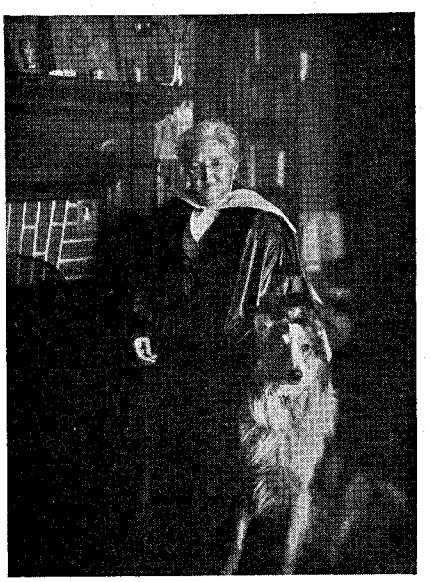
Some years ago he studied criminology enna with a famous ırity on that sub- He has written ; on the history of nomy and the art ying. He was for ıle associate editor he Scientific Amer- ' and later Editor "Popular Science thly."

ırthcoming issues of FORUM will con- articles by Mr. ıpffert on the prob- of power and the .e of radio. The ors are convinced contributions on tific subjects, writ- with authority and ·ry skill, are a vital ıre of any magazine h aims to interpret modern life. All nore so, since,—to quote Bertrand Rus- -the recent discoveries in this field consti- "one of the consolations for living in our wise tragic epoch."

UTZON BORGLUM does things on a pro- ıus scale,—witness the figures of the ve apostles in the Cathedral of St. John Divine and the head of Abraham Lincoln ıe rotunda of the Capitol. He was born daho and is a brother of another sculptor, late Solon Hannibal Borglum. He first ıed art in San Francisco, but later lived aris and London, where be gave success- exhibitions. Some of his best monuments that to Sheridan in Washington, Lincoln in Newark, and Henry Ward Beecher in Brooklyn. Not only does Mr. Borglum conceive and design in colossal terms, but in his personality there is something of the grandiose that one has learned to associate with sculptors since the days of Cellini.

CHARLES WHARTON STORK's poetry is already known to readers of THE FORUM. Mr. Stork, who is an authority on Swedish poetry, has recently returned from a visit to the Scandinavian countries.

KATHARINE LEE BATES has published a very long list of books, consisting of original poems, lectures, critical studies, stories, and annotated selections of famous poets. Apart from her vast following of readers, she is known to thousands of Wellesley girls who have attended her classes in literature. The accompanying photograph is a reminder of her volume "Sigurd, Our Golden Collie, and Other Comrades of the Road."



Katharine Lee Bates

LLOYD MORRIS is a young editor, translator, and critic of literature and the drama. Among other activities he lectures on æsthetics and the principles of literary criticism at Columbia, using current books as a basis of discussion. He spent the summer in Europe, conferring with persons prominent in the literature and politics of France, England, Holland, and Italy. Mr. Morris also brought back an essay for THE FORUM on Mussolini, written after an interview with the picturesque dictator.

BURGES JOHNSON has a mind full of practical little sermons, which find their way into the magazines and thence to a wide audience. He has the virtue of detecting and formulating an idea which is so close to the noses of most people that they fail to see it for themselves. He was once editor of "Judge" and was formerly connected with Putnam's, E. P. Dutton & Co., and President of Thompson, Brown Co., publishers.

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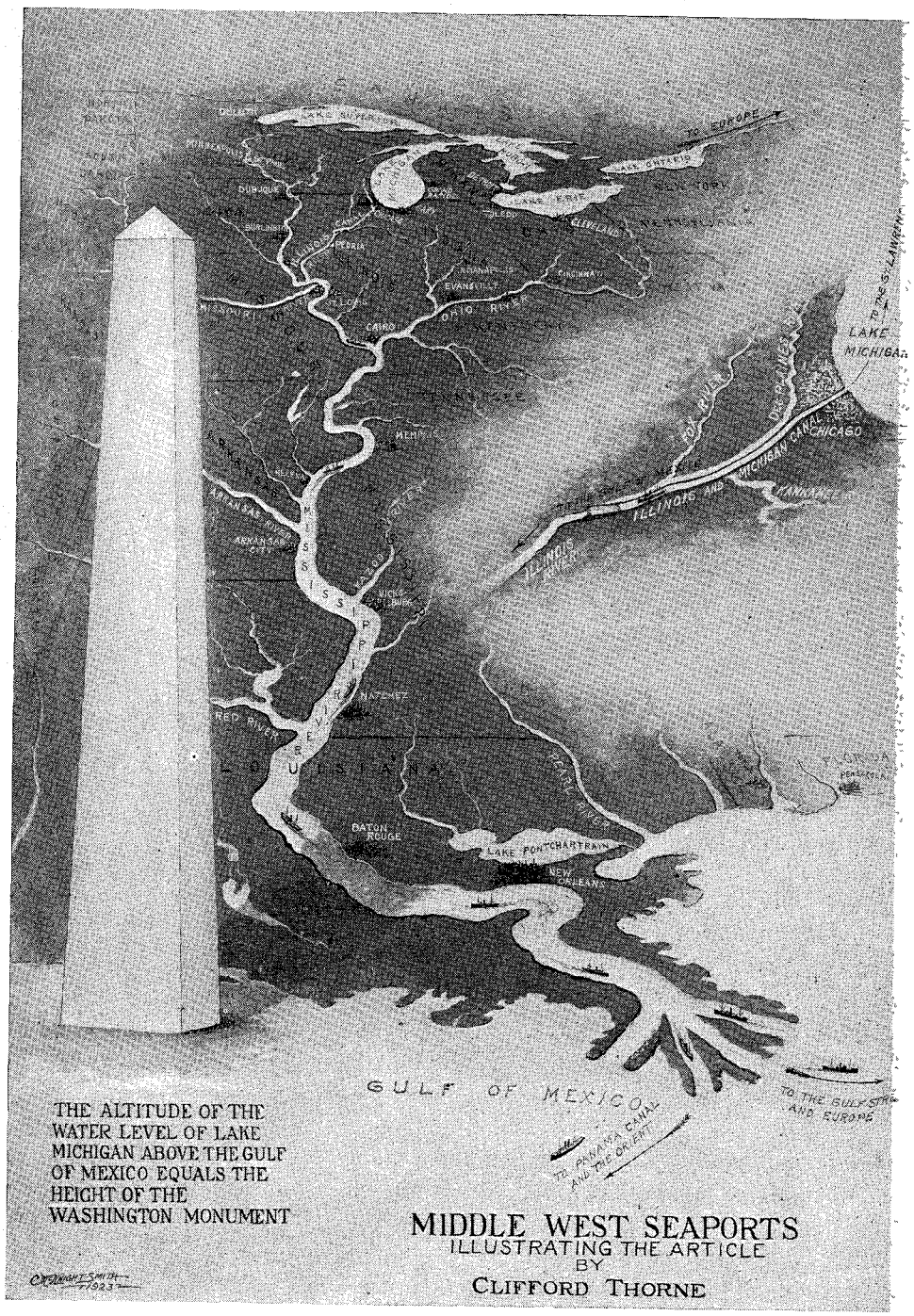

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